

# THE LEADER AND SATURDAY ANALYST;

A REVIEW AND RECORD OF POLITICAL, LITERARY, ARTISTIC, AND SOCIAL EVENTS.

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### Crystal Palace.—Arrange- ments for week ending Saturday, January 29th.

**MONDAY.** Open at 9.  
**TUESDAY TO FRIDAY.** Open at 10. Admission One Shilling; Children under 12, Sixpence.  
**SATURDAY.** Open at 10. Concert. Admission Half-a-crown; Children One Shilling.  
The Picture Gallery remains open. Orchestral Band and Great Organ. Performances Daily.  
The Camellias, Hyacinths, Primulas, and other plants are in full bloom throughout the Palace.  
**SUNDAY.** Open at 1-30 to Shareholders, gratuitously by tickets.

### TWENTY-SECOND REPORT OF THE DIRE- CTORS OF THE

### Commercial Bank of Lon- DON, for the half year ending 31st Dec., 1859.

At a half-yearly general meeting of the Shareholders, held at the banking-house, Lothbury, on Tuesday, the 17th Jan., 1860—present, the Directors and forty-seven Proprietors—the advertisement calling the meeting was read, and afterwards the following

#### REPORT.

The Directors have now to lay before the Shareholders of the Bank the Balance-sheet for the half year ending 31st Dec., 1859, exhibiting a net profit (including £1,014 10s. 10d. brought forward from last half year) of £15,243 9s. 2d., after paying all expenses of management, and making provision for bad and doubtful debts.

This enables the Directors to recommend a dividend for the half year, at the rate of £7 per cent. per annum, payable on and after the 28th instant.

The dividend will absorb £10,500, and after allowing £3,458 4s. 11d. for rebate on current bills not yet due, a balance of £1,285 4s. 3d. will remain to be carried forward to the next half-yearly account.

Edward Stillingfleet Cayley, Esq., M.P., having resigned his seat in the direction, James Clay, Esq., M.P., who is a duly qualified Proprietor, offers himself as a candidate for the vacant seat, pursuant to notice.

#### COMMERCIAL BANK OF LONDON,

<i>Dr.</i>	<i>Credit</i>
Balance-sheet to Dec. 31, 1859.	
Capital subscribed . . . . .	£1,500,000
Capital paid up, 20s. each on 15,000 shares	£300,000 0 0
Guarantee fund . . . . .	75,000 0 0
Balance due to the customers of the Bank . . . . .	936,314 8 2
Balance of undivided pro- fit, June 30, 1859 . . . . .	£1,014 10 10
Net profit for the half year ending Dec. 31, 1859, after paying income tax and deducting all charges and expenses, and mak- ing provision for bad and doubtful debts . . . . .	14,228 18 4
	15,243 9 2
	£1,516,557 17 4

<i>Cr.</i>	<i>Debit</i>
Cash in the Bank and at call, at the Bank of England, Exchequer Bills, India Bonds, and Government Securi- ties . . . . .	£397,405 15 10
Bills discounted, loans on stock, and other securities . . . . .	1,106,163 1 6
Strong-room fittings, and furniture (premises held on lease) . . . . .	3,000 0 0
	£1,516,557 17 4

Dividend at the rate of 7 per cent. per annum, for the half year ending Dec. 31, 1859 . . . . .	£10,500 0 0
Rebate of interest on current bills car- ried to Profit and Loss New Account, Balance carried to next half year . . . .	3,458 4 11
	1,285 4 3
	£15,243 9 2

Balance brought down . . . . .	£15,243 9 2
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The Report and Balance-sheet having been read,  
1. It was Resolved.—That the Report and Balance-  
sheet just read be approved, printed, and circulated  
amongst the Proprietors.

The Chairman, Mark Hunter, Esq., on the part of the  
Directors, declared a dividend on the paid-up capital of  
the Company at the rate of £7 per cent. per annum for  
the past half year, free from income tax, payable on and  
after Saturday, the 28th inst.

2. Resolved.—That James Clay, Esq., M.P., be elected

a director of this Bank, in the room of Edward Stilling-  
fleet Cayley, Esq., M.P., resigned.

3. Resolved.—That the thanks of this meeting be pre-  
sented to the Chairman and Directors for their attention  
to the affairs of the Bank during the past year.

4. Resolved.—That the best thanks of the Shareholders  
be given to the Manager, Mr. Cabell.

MARK HUNTER, Chairman.

### Commercial Bank of Lon- DON.—THE DIRECTORS HEREBY GIVE

NOTICE, That a DIVIDEND on the paid-up Capital of  
the Company, at the rate of £7 per cent. per annum,  
for the half year ending Dec. 31, 1859, free from income  
tax, will be payable at the Banking House, in Lothbury,  
on and after SATURDAY, the 28th inst.

By order of the Board,  
Dated Jan. 17, 1860. A. R. CUTHILL, Manager.

### Eighth Report of the City BANK, LONDON.

At a General Meeting of the Shareholders, held at  
the London Tavern, on TUESDAY, Jan. 17, 1860—  
Alderman Sir ROBERT WALTER CARDEN,  
Chairman.

PETER BELL, Esq., Deputy Chairman.

SECRETARIES.

Peter Bell, Esq.,

Sir Robert W. Carden, M.P.

Henry Vigurs East, Esq.

William Gardner, Esq.

John Hackblock, Esq.

John Jones, Esq.

Andrew Lawrie, Esq.

John Lidgett, Esq.

Robert Lloyd, Esq.

William Macnaughtan, Esq.

Jonathan Thorp, Esq.

John Vanner, Esq.

THE MANAGERS—A. J. White, Esq.

SOLICITORS—Messrs. Pearce, Phillips, Winckworth,

and Pearce.

The following Report was presented:

The Directors have now to place before the Pro-  
prietors a report of the state of the Bank on the 31st  
day of December last.

By the annexed Statements of Account the Share-  
holders will perceive that, after paying the current  
expenses of the half-year, the usual proportion of the  
cost of the Bank building, and making liberal allow-  
ance for bad and doubtful debts, and for rebate on  
bills discounted not yet due, the sum of £17,079 19s. 10d.  
remains available; from which the Directors have  
determined, after mature deliberation, to declare a  
Dividend for the past half-year at the rate of £6 per  
cent. per annum, free of income tax, thereby appro-  
priating £9,000; and they carry forward the surplus,  
viz., £8,079 19s. 10d., to the credit of the New Profit  
and Loss Account, for further appropriation at Mid-  
summer next.

The Directors hope that the Proprietors will con-  
tinue to exert themselves to introduce new business  
to the Bank, and so aid in still further augmenting  
its profits.

The Dividend will be payable on and after the 24th  
inst.

After the "Register of Shareholders," and "Re-  
gister of Transfers," had been authenticated, by im-  
pressing thereupon the corporate seal of the Bank,  
the Secretary read the report and accounts, and

It was resolved unanimously that the report now  
read be received and adopted.

Whereupon a dividend was declared, for the period  
ending the 31st December last, at and after the rate of  
£6 per cent. per annum, free of income tax.

It was then resolved unanimously,

That the best thanks of the meeting are eminently  
due, and are hereby given, to the Directors for their  
great services to the Bank.

That the best thanks of this meeting are due to the  
Manager for his zealous and valuable services, and  
for the unremitting attention which he has devoted to  
the interests of the Bank.

That the thanks of the Shareholders are presented  
to Mr. Worth, our Secretary, for the urbanity and  
courtesy with which he discharges his duties in his  
intercourse with the Proprietors.

That the thanks of the meeting be conveyed to  
Messrs. Wm. Anning and Owen Lewis for their  
careful examination of the accounts of the Bank.

(Signed)

ROBERT WALTER CARDEN, Chairman.

Extracted from the Minutes.

C. J. WORTH, Secretary.

### THE CITY BANK, LONDON.

Liabilities and Assets, Dec. 31, 1859.

<i>Da.</i>	<i>Cr.</i>
To capital paid up, viz., £50 per share on 6,000 shares . . . . .	£300,000 0 0
To amount of reserved fund . . . . .	33,000 0 0
To amount due by the Bank on current and deposit accounts, bills payable, letters of credit, &c. . . . .	2,222,976 11 11
To profit and loss, for the balance of that account, viz., Surplus profit brought for- ward from last half- year . . . . .	£2,603 2 0
Since added . . . . .	26,209 10 7
	28,872 13 7
	£2,584,986 4 6

<i>By</i>	<i>Cr.</i>
By Exchequer Bills and East India Bonds . . . . .	£206,623 1 5
By other securities, including bills dis- counted and loans . . . . .	2,102,298 15 6
By building, furniture, and fixtures . . . .	29,400 7 1
By cash in hand, at Bank of England, and at call . . . . .	187,483 0 6
	£2,584,986 4 6

Profit and Loss Account of the City Bank, for the half-  
year ending December 31, 1859.

<i>Da.</i>	<i>Cr.</i>
To current expenses, including salaries, rent, stationery, directors' remunera- tion, proportion of building expenses, allowance for bad and doubtful debts, income tax, &c. . . . .	£9,221 3 3
To amount carried to profit and loss, new account, being rebate on bills dis- counted, not yet due . . . . .	2,671 9 6
To dividend account for the payment of a dividend at the rate of £6 per cent. per annum upon £300,000, the amount of paid-up capital upon 6,000 shares . .	9,000 0 0
To undivided profit transferred to profit and loss new account . . . . .	8,079 19 10
	£28,872 13 7

<i>By</i>	<i>Cr.</i>
By Balance brought down, viz., Surplus profit brought forward from last half- year . . . . .	£2,603 2 0
Since added . . . . .	26,209 10 7
	28,872 13 7

We have examined, and do approve, the above  
accounts, WM. ANNING,  
OWEN LEWIS, } Auditors.

London, Jan. 17, 1860.

### The City Bank. Corner of Fench-lane, Threadneedle-street, London.

Incorporated by Royal Charter, 1855.

Subscribed capital . . . . . £600,000

Paid-up capital . . . . . 300,000

Reserved fund . . . . . 33,000

Current Accounts are made up to the 30th of June  
and the 31st of December in each year; and if the  
credit balance shall not, at any time during the half-  
year, have been below £500, interest at the rate of  
5 per cent. per annum is allowed on the minimum  
monthly balances. If not below £200, interest at  
the rate of 1 per cent. per annum is allowed on the min-  
imum monthly balances; but if under £200, no interest  
is allowed.

Deposit Accounts.—Money received from the  
public generally; and interest allowed thereon at the  
current rate of the day; the Bank notifying any  
change in the rate of interest by advertisement in one  
or more of the leading London newspapers.

The Agency of Country and Foreign Banks, whether  
joint-stock or private, is undertaken by the Bank.

Letters of Credit, payable at any of the chief com-  
mercial towns and cities of the world, are granted.

Circular Notes are issued by the Bank, addressed to  
all, and payable at any of the places on the Continent  
where the Bank has an agent.

Dividends, &c., on Government and other stocks,  
annuities, pensions, &c., are received for customers of  
the Bank without charge; and every description of  
banking business is transacted.

London, Jan. 17, 1860.





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Price 1s. 11d. and 2s. 9d. per box.

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## Electrical influence in

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N.B. Dr. Kahn's Treatise on the above subjects, entitled "The Philosophy of Marriage," sent post-free, on receipt of 12 stamps, direct from the author, 17, Harley-street, Cavendish-square, W.

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tleman having been cured of nervous debility of long standing, the result of early errors, and after much mental and bodily suffering, thinks it but charitable to render such information to others similarly situated as may restore them to health without exposure. Full particulars sent to any address, by enclosing two postage stamps to prepay postage. Address **THOMAS HOWARD, Esq.**, Clive-house, near Birmingham.

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**LA'MERT**, Registered L.S.A., Honorary Member of the London Hospital Medical Society, M.D. of the University of Erlangen, &c., may be CONSULTED on all Cases of Debility, Nervousness, and the Infirmities of Youth and Maturity, from 11 till 2 and from 6 till 8, at his residence, 37, BEDFORD-SQUARE, LONDON.

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knowledge as the most comfortable and durable Shirt ever yet produced), made to measure, 6s. 6d., 7s. 6d., 8s. 6d., and 10s. 6d. Cards for self-measurement. **JOHN SAMPSON, Hosiery, 123, Oxford-st., W.**

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Price of a single truss, 10s., 21s., 26s. 6d., and 31s. 6d.—Postage 1s. Double Truss, 31s. 6d., 42s., and 52s. 6d.—Postage 1s. 8d. Umbilical Truss, 42s. and 52s. 6d.—Postage 1s. 10d.

Post-office orders to be made payable to **JOHN WHITE, Post-office, Piccadilly.**

**ELASTIC STOCKINGS, KNEE-CAPS, &c. for VARICOSE VEINS, and all cases of WEAKNESS and SWELLING of the LEGS, SPRAINS, &c.** They are porous, light in texture, and inexpensive, and are drawn on like an ordinary stocking.

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## FRENCH PROGRESS AND AUSTRIAN DECADENCE.

IT is a common remark that few men understand their own times, and as we live at a period remarkable beyond all precedent for the diffusion of knowledge, the rapid spread of ideas, and the amazing triumphs of applied science and industrial skill, it is not to be wondered at, that few of us, amid the din of business and the occupations of pleasure, realize the extent and importance of the changes which are hourly taking place. Half-a-dozen Roman Empires or Alexander conquests could not produce such important results for humanity as are involved in the peaceable march of free trade, clothing the naked and feeding the hungry at every step, and creating those circumstances under which firm and lasting international friendships will ultimately grow. The triumph of the industrial principle in England necessitated its adoption in France, which could not remain the head of continental states while supporting a restrictive policy that had no affinities with progressive ideas. It may take some time before the new system can be put in full and complete operation, but the important letter from NAPOLEON III. to his Minister of State opens a new era for his own country and for Europe, and may be taken as another proof of the desire to strengthen his alliance with ourselves. When LOUIS NAPOLEON boasted that he was a *parennu*, consistency and safety demanded that he should diverge very widely from the course of the absolutist sovereigns. His Italian campaign was a valuable protest against the futile efforts of the Holy Alliance party to stem the tide of time, and, by a scarcely anticipated consequence, it effected a remarkable separation of the ruler of France and the semi-Austrian ultramontane Pope. These changes had their counterpart in the movement of the Fusionist Bourbons, and as the Emperor broke away from Jesuit meshes, Orleanist and Legitimate fingers became willingly entangled in their toils. The great organ for these intrigues was the rich and powerful society of St. Vincent de Paul, and now, simultaneously with the initiation of a free-trade policy, comes an attack upon this great priestly confederation. The existence of a wealthy society, which, under the cloak and using the influence of charity, was hourly plotting the restoration of Bourbon misrule, was considered the chief source of danger to the Imperial Government, in following out the programme traced in the famous pamphlet of "The Pope and the Congress;" and it is probable that if the Emperor had flinched from the task of assailing it, the chances of his enemies would have been considerably increased. As matters now stand, we see that in the teeth of all the predictions of the quarrel-mongers, Napoleonic policy approximates more closely to that of England, and that the Emperor feels strong enough to do battle at once against protectionist manufacturers and Jesuit priests. The course is a very bold one, but courage often prompts to safety when timidity waits the advent of ruin; and it will probably appear that LOUIS NAPOLEON has taken the most sagacious steps to secure the stability of his throne. The Legitimists and Orleanists may intrigue with the Jesuits and fawn upon the Protectionists, but in his recent measures the French Emperor will have the mind of the country on his side, and also the physical force of the agricultural population, who will be greatly benefited by the changes he is about to introduce.

While France is thus rising in wealth and moral influence, Austria presents a very different picture, and one which would be an object of pity, if the downfall of the HAPSBURG Empire had not become an indispensable precursor to the elevation of its subjects. Without greatness, without dignity, without decency even, in the conduct of the sovereign, there are still grand tragic elements in the headlong ride to perdition which FRANCIS JOSEPH is madly taking, in spite of bitter experience and ample warning of the inevitable result. Dramatists have delighted to pourtray characters spell-bound by crime and infatuation, and who appeared as if resistlessly driven to destruction by the evil powers with whom their compact had been made. Such is the spectacle presented by the Austrian Emperor and his court. Heavily laden with debt, without money, and without credit, they will concede nothing, reform nothing, learn nothing. By infatuation and crime they lost Lombardy, and by infatuation and crime they seem determined to lose Hungary, and re-open the Italian war. Their reckless taxation, which is well explained in KOSSUTH's letter, offers to the nobles and landowners no prospect but that of insolvency, if some force cannot be found able to change the whole character of HAPSBURG rule; and as if revolution could not be brought about quickly enough by driving the landed party to revolt, the Government, in the most gratuitous and vexatious way, has provoked a religious quarrel with the Protestant Churches, and, for the first time in history, Calvinist ministers are abetted and comforted in their resistance to arbitrary authority by Roman Catholic bishops and priests, many of whom are, fortunately for the country, more national

than ultramontane. It is credibly reported that the Emperor's confessor assures him of miraculous interposition if he remains faithful to the Church; and General MEYERHOFER—who, when Consul at Belgrade in 1848-9, was engaged in recruiting Serbs to act against the Hungarians—is now with the consent and connivance of FRANCIS JOSEPH enlisting Austrian soldiers to serve in the army of the Pope, and forwarding them by Government steamers to a dépôt at Ancona. The Sardinian Government is highly indignant at these proceedings, which cannot be continued without leading to a breach of peace; and we may expect energetic remonstrances now that CAVOUR is restored. The more rational party at Vienna are paralyzed, and watch and wait with anxiety for the crisis they feel they have no power to avert.

No one seems to expect that the young Emperor will, of his own accord, retrace his foolish steps; no man of integrity and intelligence seems to have the slightest influence over him; his confidential advisers are bigoted fanatics and slimy priests. It is amazing that no firm hand should be stretched out to arrest this downward career; that no party should be formed to insist upon a complete abandonment of a course which can have no issue but overwhelming disaster. It is as if the whole court were under the influence of fatalism, sitting upon powder-barrels, and watching the match burn which was to blow them up. One chance which the Jesuit party is said to reckon upon is the overthrow of PALMERSTON by the agency of the Pope's Irish Brigade; but this again marks insanity, for what could make the present premier more powerful, than to send him before the country with a Protestant rallying cry for civil and religious liberty; and even if from declining vigour and weight of years, he should be compelled to hand over the power to Lord JOHN RUSSELL, what would the Ultramontane party gain by that? It is sheer madness to suppose that free Protestant England would allow any ministry to quarrel with France for the sake of Austria and the Pope;—and in proportion as the two latter associate themselves with Bourbon intrigues, they will add to the adherents of the Empire in England as well as in France.

As the Congress becomes less and less a likely way of settling European affairs, it is advisable that VICTOR EMMANUEL should be left to take his own course with Central Italy, and that England and France should declare their recognition of the state of things which the people have produced. It is also time for public opinion to regard the probable eventualities in Hungary, and be ready to protest against any intervention to coerce the inhabitants of that country, if they should be forced into a collision with the illegal despotism of Austria. This is a point upon which Lord PALMERSTON and the whigs are known to be unsound, although they may have learnt something from the events of 1848-9, and may be influenced by the clearly manifested wish of LOUIS NAPOLEON that Hungary should be free. It ought to be known that, since the Villafranca Peace, the French Government has shown an honourable solicitude that the arrangement with Austria for the safety and protection of the Hungarian soldiers who formed the Legion in Italy intended for the liberation of their country, should be faithfully carried out; and, although a French minister under the Empire has comparatively little power, it is a significant fact that M. THOUVENEL is far more enlightened than Count WALEWSKI upon questions of foreign policy, and is, moreover, well acquainted with the importance of Hungary in any permanent settlement of the affairs of the East.

## PRUSSIA.

THE part which Prussia plays in the great tragedy, or comedy, whichever it may chance to be, of European politics, is an awkward and difficult one. Ranking as one of the five great Powers, and consequently entitled to a voice and vote in the settlement of all the important questions which that self-constituted tribunal takes upon itself to determine, her relative weakness makes her, at the same time, morbidly tenacious of her right to join in the decision, and ignobly afraid to take a side if serious differences exist amongst her coadjutors. Hence, the vacillating, undecided conduct of Prussia in the Russian war, and in all similar controversies, when she ought naturally to have taken a part, and, at any cost, have adhered to it. With a population of but seventeen millions, brave and intelligent as it is, she cannot cope with either of her three powerful neighbours, the more especially as her territory lies singularly open to the incursions of any one of them. To her, moreover, war presents itself in a more costly and embarrassing form than to any other nation, as the army upon which she must rely for any great struggle would be composed of men suddenly withdrawn from industrial pursuits. She cannot even make those preparations for a contest which often suffice to prevent it, without inflicting the same severe blow upon commerce, and equal inconvenience upon her citizens; and naturally, therefore, she tries to evade the risk and sacrifice

by adopting a timid, time-serving policy. The HOHENZOLLENS and their subjects are, however, too confident and too ambitious to give up one jot of their pretensions to the rank of a great power. The old aggrandising spirit still animates them, and they try to keep up their importance by much the same fidgety behaviour as is displayed by a *parvenu*, who is eager to show that he is quite as well born and well bred as the gentlemen of family into whose society he has managed to obtain admittance. Prussia is always standing upon tiptoes, to make herself as tall as her rivals, until the row commences, and then she would fain get into an out-of-the-way corner.

It is just the same in her purely German policy. The present king actually demanded the empire of Germany in 1848, but when it was offered him dare not accept it and stand the consequences. Prussia seeks now the exclusive direction of German affairs, or, as the Germans love to call it, the hegemony of the fatherland; but she is afraid to openly avow an intention which could only be fulfilled by the expulsion of Austria from the Confederation, and the consent of the petty sovereigns to be her vassals; so she pursues the poor undignified policy of encouraging the subjects of the smaller states to agitate in her favour. Of course she is right enough to abstain from drawing the sword for results which—to say nothing about the moral side of the question—are so exceedingly problematical. We do not condemn her discretion, we merely point out the circumstances which explain that shifting, stultifying conduct she so often pursues. To this irresolute ambition, Prussia has sacrificed internal progress, and for it she has been party to many a deed of shame. If an act of injustice was to be perpetrated, and Austria was ready to do it, Prussia, although convinced of its iniquity, would rather take a share in it than allow Austria to act by herself, as if she had pre-eminence in Germany. It was upon this principle that Prussia sacrificed Electoral Hesse in 1850, and stipulated for the privilege of giving the victim a sacrificial stab.

If the foreign policy of Prussia can be thus accounted for, it is not more difficult to discover the causes which impede her internal development. The Prince Regent is not, indeed, actuated at present by the scruples and fears which formerly restrained him, as all chance of the King's restoration is gone; but he is swayed by contending motives, which impart a kind of doubleness to his conduct. On the one hand, the royal family of Prussia is not yet used to constitutional government, and the Prince himself, despite whatever may be said by his flatterers in Prussia and this country to the contrary, is by no means disposed, if he can help it, to surrender any of the kingly prerogatives, and make the liberties which Prussia enjoys in name a reality; on the other hand, he sees plainly enough that the day is gone for rigid conservatism, much more for reaction; and anxious besides to promote the one dominant idea of his family—the increase of their territory—the chance for which now lies in the German unity movement, he desires to carry the people with him by keeping up their good will by a show of liberality and confidence. Conflicting objects, which are well illustrated in his present Ministry, which consists of what we may call Conservatives and Liberals in equal proportion.

This double embarrassment is singularly manifest in the speech with which the Prince Regent has just opened the session of the Chambers. Prussia was preparing for war because the contest approached the German frontier. But why? Not from any sympathy with Austria, but because the attitude of the secondary German states made it necessary for her to put herself at their head or submit to a complete isolation. The Prince refers to the movement for Federal Reform; but his words may mean anything or nothing. They can serve, by a little ministerial gloss, for a further encouragement to the Eisenach agitators, and yet are open to little exception even from Austria. "Prussia will always consider herself as the natural representative of the tendencies which have for object to restore and unite the national forces." Very well; but will she dare the deed, ask the Federal Diet to abdicate its functions, and Kings and Grand Dukes to make over to her the best part of their sovereign rights? She would do it if she were quite sure of being successful; but not being sure, she holds back, and yet shows her grasping desire. We are glad to find that Prussia at last wishes to diminish the intervention of the Germanic Diet in its relations with the constitutions of different states, as we believe that intervention to be the greatest curse under which Germany labours; but such a narrowing of the functions of the central power is really quite inconsistent with the hegemony to which Prussia aspires. A strong central power which does not interfere in everything is, all experience teaches, an impossibility. However, the result will be satisfactory if Hesse gets back its Constitution of 1831; Prussia owes the Hessians that poor amends for her past treachery. In the allusion of the Prince to the Holstein

Schleswig question, we merely have the same cantin which all the German Governments indulge upon this question. The cause of the inhabitants of the Duchies against Denmark may be just enough, we do not now dispute it; but it is monstrous for Governments which themselves exercise a practical despotism, and have only conceded to their subjects very limited privileges, to preach a crusade in the name of liberty. The Schleswig Holstein enthusiasm of the Germans has been well worked by their masters, who have thus turned an aspiration which would have been dangerous at home, abroad, where it can do them at least no harm.

If we turn to domestic topics, what is the great legislative measure which the Prince announces? A reorganisation of the army. Now this step may be necessary; the existing system is certainly uneconomical and obstructive to industrial progress; but it is very doubtful whether it would be well for Prussia, with its but nascent liberties, to abandon a system by which every soldier is a Prussian citizen and every Prussian citizen a soldier, for another, which may give a better disciplined and more easily collected army, where the soldier is everything and the citizen nothing. The present military organisation, although it makes Prussia comparatively powerless for aggression, open to incursion, and timid in her dealings with great Powers, yet ensures her at a small cost against serious invasion. And whilst the army is to be altered, nothing is said about the alterations which Prussia most urgently asks—the abolition of the present press restrictions and the abominable Government police. Is it that the Prince is afraid to trust the people, and would at least have the army more at his command before he allows his subjects to publish what they think and go where they will? We should be sorry to say so, but certainly we can see no evidence of genuine confidence in them in this speech.

The picture we have drawn of the position of Prussia and the policy of its rulers may not be flattering, but it is truthful, and just now very much needed. We admire greatly the Prussian nation, and desire its political and material progress as a safeguard of liberty and peace; but we cannot allow our countrymen to be misled by "public teachers," who, after grossly abusing Prussia and its king for a series of years, now, just because the royal families of the two countries are allied, turn completely round, and represent what is really no very great advance from despotism as a delightful illustration of constitutional liberty.

#### METROPOLITAN BOARD OF WORKS.

FROM the recent proceedings of our Metropolitan Council, we learn that a bill will be introduced early in the coming session, having for its object the material increase of the powers and revenues of the Board. What is true, probably, of all political bodies, is especially true of those which may, in their organisation, be called oligarchical;—much would have more. The Metropolitan Board of Works already possesses as large pecuniary resources, and as great an amount of influence and patronage as the legislature of many minor states; but not content with what it has, it grasps at further prerogatives and a larger exchequer. Though nominally chosen by the ratepayers of London at large, the really oligarchic nature of its constitution betrays itself in a great variety of ways, and in none more characteristically than in its impending demand for additional powers. Instead of being elected by the taxpayers themselves, this strangely constructed corporation is nominated, as every one knows, by the vestries of the different parishes over which its jurisdiction extends. The tendency of this system of indirect election was not long in displaying itself. It is, in fact, an old device of bureaucracy for numbing in the representative the sense of accountability to public opinion, and for paralyzing in those who are said to be represented the power of exacting any account. We see this in the working of the system every day. The Board meets weekly, and reports of its proceedings appear in the daily papers. But nothing can be more superciliously contemptuous of public opinion than those proceedings generally are. Were the score, or score and a half of gentlemen, who appear to understand one another so well, under the necessity of trying to understand public feeling even a little, they would not have pursued the course during the last twelve months that has brought them into such ill-repute among their fellow-citizens. But, in point of fact, it seems in their estimation to signify nought what opinion the great body of ratepayers may entertain regarding them. Each member has been elected for three years by a majority of his vestry; and if he can only "make it all right" by the end of his term with these, his only legal constituents, he may blunder and job as he will in his place in the Board of Works. We hardly know whether the jobs or the blunders have hitherto predominated; but we rather suspect that when all is known, the jobs will be found to be in the ascendant. In the first great contract,



entered into some months ago, there has recently been discovered a blunder of upwards of £30,000; and in the first material alteration made in the permanent staff, a job of unparalleled effrontery in its way has lately been perpetrated by giving a salary of £800 a year—under the ludicrous misnomer of a retaining fee—to a gentleman who had previously acted as clerk to the Board, and who, in addition to this snug annuity, is to have counsel's fees on all his briefs in court. Minor illustrations of the style of metropolitan administration now in vogue at Guildhall are superfluous. But it may not be amiss to note two resolutions to which the Board has come within the last month, and which are likely still further to endear it to the millions subject to its rule. The reformers of gas supply in the metropolis proposed in the bill they are about submitting to Parliament to refer certain questions that must arise from time to time between gas makers and gas consumers to the arbitration of the Board of Works; but that patriotic body seeing no certain advantage, and a probable increase of trouble were the suggestion adopted, flatly refused to entertain it. An attempt was made by some of the members who do not appear wholly indifferent to popular judgment and feeling, to put an end to the mystery in which the financial operations have been hitherto wrapt; and as a first step it was proposed that the finance committee, like the other committees, should be open to all the members of the Board. The proposal, however, was peremptorily rejected by a decisive majority. Irresponsibility is the order of the day.

Such being the spirit and character of the system as now organized, the Legislature is about to be asked to transfer from the Imperial treasury to that of our metropolitan unaccountables the coal tax and carriage duties, with sundry minor sources of income. As the people of London exclusively pay these imposts, they have, no doubt, a paramount claim to the benefit of their expenditure. But, for that very reason, they ought not to be handed over from those whom Parliament compels to give an account of what they do with the money, to those in whom the people place little confidence, and whose proceedings they watch with daily-increasing dismay. Before an additional shilling is placed at their disposal, it will be the imperative duty of Parliament to inquire what they have done with the large sums with which they have already had to deal. It will further be necessary gravely to reconsider the constitution of the Board itself, both as regards the qualification of persons eligible thereto, and with respect to the manner in which they are to be chosen. It is too late to re-argue the theory of indirect representation,—that exotic device imported from Prussia, which has never grown healthily here. Whatever its merits in the eyes of fine people or foreigners may be, we find its fruits bitter and worthless; and we believe that the best thing to be done with it is to root it out altogether. If English ratepayers are fit to elect members of the Senate, which more than any other assembly sways the destinies of the world, they are surely fit to choose the men who are to make main drains and to concentrate cesspools in one particular city. But be the logic of the matter what it may, the blunders and abuses into which the Board has fallen render it impossible that, as now constituted, it should be suffered to play the fool any longer at our expense. Being practically irresponsible to the public, it is believed to have become a jobbing clique, and whatever else happens the public have made up their minds that the clique must be broken up. There is, we are confident, no desire to hand back the powers of local government to the Imperial executive. The feeling against centralization is gaining not losing strength in the heart of the community; but if the benefits and privileges of local self-rule are to be preserved, we must take care that their reproach of incapacity, waste, and favouritism be not permitted to lie at its door.

#### THE EMPEROR'S NEW YEAR'S GIFT.

THE measures announced by the Emperor of the French in his letter to M. FOULD will, undoubtedly, if they be carried through, promote the prosperity of France and other countries. To suppress the duties on wool and cotton—the first object proposed—will increase and accelerate the production of clothing: it will be cheapened, and the production of wool and cotton stimulated. Our own colonies, the plains of Hungary, and of the Rio Plata, will all experience an increased demand for wool. Our possessions in India, the Southern States of America, Egypt, the Brazils, &c. will find a larger market for their cotton. More trade will arise, more ships will be wanted, and very soon ship yards will be again alive with exertion, and the shipowners, acquiring a brighter prospect and a better temper, will think only how they can most cheaply supply the increased demand for carriage. More goods, too, will be sent by rail, better dividends will be paid, and an extension of railways will be promoted.

Effects of this description may be speedily anticipated, because the customers for improved, more comfortable, and more elegant clothing are already in existence. If the power were given to the Emperor to double the supply of food, he could not at once double the number of the people, nor promote a great increase of consumption. But the great multitude is everywhere imperfectly clothed; everywhere women and men desire to be more conveniently and fashionably attired. The demand for woollens and cottons, followed by a like demand for silks and linens, may be said to be indefinite. But the measures of the Emperor, while they will assuredly increase the competition of the manufacturers, and will cheapen and extend the use of clothing, cannot suddenly increase the supply of the raw materials. They must be grown, and for this time is required. In the first instance, the demand for them will increase the price; the price will stimulate production, and if production be free, it will soon come up to the demand, and the multitude will get as much clothing as it desires and can pay for. By that, manners will be softened, and morals improved. The assimilation of the multitude in outward appearance, and in all the conveniences of dress to the upper classes, approximates them in enjoyment, feeling, sympathy, and tastes; makes all more kindly and social, and improves all. From so small a matter, apparently, as removing a tax on the raw materials of clothing in one country, the production, trade, and prosperity of society will be extended, and the whole morally improved.

The reduction of the duties on coffee and sugar will operate in the same direction. For both, already extensively in use, a large market is prepared in France. A great multitude is ready, if they have the means, to increase their consumption of sugar and coffee; and the measures, which permit the increase of manufactures, cheapen clothing, and reduce the duties on sugar and coffee, will tend to augment consumption. These measures are placed first in the Emperor's renowned programme of free-trade policy, published in the *Moniteur* of Sunday. It is dated Jan. 5, and, when fully carried out, will be the noblest New Year's gift ever handed by a despotic Government to a suffering and still confiding people.

The remission of the duties on raw materials may be expected as soon as laws can be drawn for the purpose of giving legal form and effect to the Emperor's declaration. The duties on sugar and coffee are to be gradually reduced, having regard, probably, to the manufacture of beet-root sugar in France. Other parts of the programme, referring to treaties of commerce and to articles of which certain classes in France have a monopoly, and in which we are deeply interested, such as coals, iron, &c., cannot be at once carried into effect. The treaties have to be negotiated; faith has to be kept with monopolists, to whom the State is bound till 1861; and, whatever diligence and good will there may be in the legislative bodies, and however little opposition the measures may encounter from the public, it will require time to give the form of law to the whole programme. Whatever amount of funds may be directed to improving drainage, constructing more railways, adding to canals and roads, and extending public works, these can only be executed after a considerable period. It is the duty, therefore, of those who are most devotedly attached to free trade, to warn the public against expectations which even despotism, with the best will, cannot realize immediately.

The programme involves an application of public money which some necessity may divert to other objects. To meet the expense, the operation of the Sinking fund is to be suspended till the revenue is increased. This, together with the increase of speculative and other business—which is sure to ensue—occasioning a demand for capital, and enhancing the value of money, will prevent the French and other public securities from rising as rapidly as some persons may expect. To them this will be a source of disappointment, and it may also disappoint a Government which assumes a rise in the funds to be a proof of increasing public confidence. Again, the certain rise in the first instance in the price of raw materials which cannot be immediately augmented, will postpone cheapness, which all will expect. It is possible, too, that officials, in carrying out the programme, will look more to what they are to do towards improving public works, than be in haste to trust the private interest and good sense of individuals. They will want to do, instead of allowing things to be done; and they may postpone indefinitely the free trade which the Emperor has announced. Even if they should carry it out in the most efficient manner, they cannot by any means impart to the French the skill, the knowledge, the division of labour, the system of credit, which have slowly grown up here, and are the causes of our success. Admitting then the probability of much disappointment, and even warning the public, here and in France, against it, we must still say that

the Emperor's letter is one of the ablest and most important state papers we have ever read.

Its declarations cannot be undone. He sees that without competition industry remains stationary, and commodities are scarce and dear. He is sensible of the great truth, that the growth of manufactures is necessary to the development of agriculture. He declares that the benefit of those who work is impeded by restrictions, and that industry to succeed must be released from all internal fetters. He lays down broadly the great principle that for society to flourish all honest exertions must be free. He can never stifle that truth, and never erase from the records of all Europe, upon which it is already engraved, his adhesion to it. Even if he could do so, he cannot efface from the mind of the nations the effects of his declaration in its favour. The deed is done. All France, all Europe, all the civilized world, will read his words and see in them the seal of the highest authority set to the doctrine of free trade. It is becoming, and must become, the policy of all nations. Nothing in its progress is so wonderful as this last step. He who was supposed to be the enemy of freedom is its best friend. If he were sent to curse, he has remained to bless. The lesson which this great event teaches would not be half noted if we did not add, that the Emperor has been convinced by the effects of free trade here, and that his mind has succumbed to the general opinion which influences the minds of all. His conduct is peculiarly instructive, as an illustration of the general progress, and of the general laws to which all are alike subject.

#### RELIGIOUS DESECRATION.

A SCANDAL, of recent intrusion, but which, considering the time it has had for its development, seems likely to become somewhat formidable, from its rapid growth, has attracted not only the attention of the town and the suburbs, but is spreading into the rural districts, alarming the peaceable, and supplying the scoffers with subject-matter for derision and mischief, unsettling men's minds, creating much ill-will, and exposing, in no favourable point of view, those who ought to be particularly careful in their conduct, and who should be the last persons to countenance, much less to support such unseemly and pernicious interruptions of the general harmony of the community.

We do not think we are mistaking our functions if we offer a few words of advice to those most nearly interested in what we are about to allude to, and to our readers generally, who, we are sure, will acquit us of all pretence of interference, and all impertinence of dictation. We come then at once to the subject, and will endeavour with all delicacy to show forth the evils which are being inflicted upon true religion and morality by the disgraceful scenes witnessed in some of our public places of worship, Sunday after Sunday, for many weeks past.

Whether or not those persons by whom certain alterations (and what to the million appear as innovations) have been introduced in the manner of celebrating Divine service, have "warrant" for their proceedings, we shall not stop to inquire. They may be within the letter of the Church ritual; they may take refuge in the ambiguity of interpretation, and, by so doing, defy the diocesan, distract the congregation, disturb the parish, disseminate the seeds of schism, if not of infidelity and indifference, empty the church, and help to fill the reports of the police offices with contests fit only for a prize-ring, and with language disgraceful to a pot-house. They may do all this, and by so doing gratify their own complacency, gain notoriety, and at the same time consider themselves as conscientiously performing their duties as the "ministers and stewards of the mysteries" of Christianity; but, admitting the sincerity of their convictions, and giving them credit to the utmost extent for their good intentions, it must be very obvious to the unsophisticated intellect of every unprejudiced and right-thinking man that they are taking a wrong method to support religion, and engender respect for its ministers. To illustrate what we have said of the disgraceful scenes which this conduct produces, it will not be necessary to go back to the repeated exhibitions in Chelsea, St. George's-in-the-East, and other places; it will be sufficient to revert to the doings which occurred on Christmas Day last at Enfield, the facts of which came out before a bench of magistrates assembled in that town on Saturday, the 7th of this month. It appears that the vicar was present, on a summons charging him with an assault, on Christmas Day, upon the churchwarden (a captain in the royal navy) in the chapel of St. John, Clay Hill. The captain having been seated in the chapel some time, the vicar came from the vestry, and asked him if he had removed anything from the communion-table? He replied that, as churchwarden, he had removed the super-altar. The vicar immediately seized him by both his hands, dragged him forcibly from his chair, and called

upon a person present to assist in turning him out of the chapel; but, finding that he received no assistance, left in a very excited manner, and gave orders to lock the doors of the chapel, as he should have no service. This was pretty well for Christmas Day, but the climax remains to be told. The churchwarden, finding the great door of the chapel was locked, rose to retire through the vestry door. On finding the vicar there, he tried quietly to explain his reason for any course he might have taken. The vicar said he wanted to have no explanations from him. He then tried to pass the vicar to get out of the chapel, when the vicar assaulted him again with great violence, attempting to push him back again into the vestry.

In answer to the charge it was contended that the chapel was the vicar's freehold; and after some further proceedings in the case the magistrates decided that they had no jurisdiction, and dismissed the summons. It came out, however, in the course of a discussion on another summons, which the churchwarden had taken out against his co-churchwarden, that "on the following Sunday (New Year's Day) he went to the chapel and found several of the vicar's friends standing before the chancel with their hands joined, to prevent him getting to the communion table; three or four of them set upon him, and his co-churchwarden, who was one of the leaders, took him by his collar and by the seat of his trousers, knocked him violently about, and so grazed his arm that he had not since been able to carve his dinner. He remonstrated with the vicar for employing those men, and he (the vicar) at once placed himself in a threatening attitude, and ordered him to be turned out."

"The matter has caused," says the reporter (and well it may), "the greatest excitement in the town and neighbourhood, and there seems to be no probability of a speedy settlement of the dispute."

Now this account of the doings at Enfield, if it were not for the desecration which it involves of what is too solemn to be made a laughing matter, would certainly cause the risible muscles of the faces of most readers to perform the part for which Nature designed them: the churchwarden collared by the parson, the crushed hat, the summary ejection by what is called the "neck and crop" process, the incapability of the gallant captain to cut his victuals, and the rest of the description, equal in ludicrous effect the fictitious pencillings of our best comic novelists. How the bench of magistrates came to the conclusion that they had no jurisdiction in the matter, is not set forth. The plea of "*mollior manus imposuit*" when a naval commander is summarily ejected by the application of hands to his collar and the seat of his trousers by a churchwarden would hardly be pleaded with success in the Courts of Westminster Hall, unless a more determined resistance had been made to the uncouth assault than appears from the report to have been the case. But be that as it may, it is announced that a solution of who is right and who is wrong is about to be decided by a higher tribunal than the Abethdins of Enfield; and, what is still more to the purpose, it is understood that, on the meeting of Parliament, a bill will be introduced into the House of Lords for amending the Book of Common Prayer, and making such alterations in the performance of the Church services as shall prevent the propensity for pantomimic display which unfortunately prevails in too many places.

And now that the word "pantomimic" has been made use of, it may be some excuse for the employment of such a term to advert to the newly introduced practice of turning theatres into temples of worship, and exhibiting in such edifices as "Saddler's Wells," the "Britannia," the "Garriok," &c. performances for which those edifices are certainly in no wise adapted. If the religious feelings of the public require such stimulants as have been administered by certain Boanerges in music-halls and dancing-rooms, religion must be in a more deplorable state than we can conceive it to be. There are, surely, sufficient churches and legitimate places of worship to contain the congregations of the districts in which they are situated; and though it must unfortunately be admitted that the popularity of many preachers is in proportion to the singularity of their deportment, there are hosts of able, worthy, and indefatigable ministers who, by the orthodoxy of the doctrines they preach, the simplicity of their behaviour in the pulpit, and the purity of their lives, are quite capable of guiding their flocks, without the grotesque, exaggerated, and pestilent novelties lately introduced by which notoriety is obtained. Any man (a fact, the truth of which may be witnessed every day) will attract more attention, and draw more people to stare at him when he does what he ought not to attempt, than when he sticks to his proper profession. PAUL BEDFORD would draw a larger audience to the Adelphi Theatre if he advertised an evening service at that house, and himself as the preacher, than ever his histrionic talent can secure in his legitimate calling; and, we speak with due reverence of the primate of all England, when we assert that his Grace would attract a mob ten times as



large as that which follows Mr. SPURGEON himself, if he relinquished for a time his archiepiscopal functions, and appeared in a *pas seul* on the boards of Drury Lane theatre! While on this subject, we may remark that the dramatic world does actually possess one theologian, at least, in Mr. HARCOURT BLAND, whose argumentative powers may be said to be on a par with his histrionic: and all London knows the reverend "incumbent of the Haymarket."

This subject is one on which much more might be said, but let us trust that the good sense of the public requires only that such things should be brought under their notice, for them to see the necessity for their being at once discountenanced and put an end to. That the religious tendencies of English society are, generally speaking, in a right and wholesome direction, cannot be denied, and that they be not misdirected by the vagaries of vanity, the mistakes of zeal without discretion, or the sinister and selfish interests of persons who derive unhallowed profits and influence from their perversion, is most cordially to be hoped. It is consolatory to hear that something is about to be done with respect to things mooted in the Liturgy of the Established Church when the Parliament assembles. It is high time for the adoption of measures that shall effectually remove a crying scandal. Let the public, however, neither slumber nor sleep in watching the promised legislation; it will be found a duty requiring their vigilant attention.

#### THE BEATSON LIBEL CASE.

COLERIDGE is said to have considered legs of mutton to be the final cause of turnips; but, with less stress of imagination, we may assume General BEATSON to have been specially born to inflict well merited torments upon our military authorities; for, in addition to clearing his character from charges that ought never to have been brought against him, he has succeeded in exposing the dishonesty and trickery of the Horse Guards to an extent which must lead every honest man to be ashamed of those defects of our parliamentary system, which permits such conduct to be perpetrated with comparative impunity. General BEATSON, it will be remembered, being famous for his management and training of irregular cavalry, was very properly selected to manage the Bashi Bazouks at the time of the Russian War. To account for their behaviour, we must suppose our officials to have suffered pangs of mental torture at the thought of having made an honest appointment of a Company's officer, who was not in the habit of going out shooting with the Prince Consort, nor furnished with a grandmother decorated with the liver of the Court. The general's task was a hard one, and it would have been more honourable, although less congenial, to their instincts, if the fraternity of red tape worms had exerted themselves to procure pay and food for his men, instead of establishing a foraging party for the collection of tittle-tattle, and a commissariat of scandal for the most mischievous use of the trumpery gossip they managed to bring together. It appears that Mr. SKENE, the Consul at Aleppo, was appointed Civil Commissioner at the Dardanelles, and Mr. CALVERT, the Consul at the latter place, was directed to assist the General in his operations. Having a good apparatus for the purpose, Lord PANMURE soon received stories against General BEATSON, and directed an inquiry into his conduct, but neither informed him who his accuser was, nor at first even communicated the notice of the accusation.

The affair, however, readily answered one purpose—it enabled the Horse Guards to find something to do for Generals SHIRLEY and VIVIAN—the former was to take the superior command over BEATSON, and the latter inspected the force. In the recent trial of BEATSON v. SKENE, General VIVIAN thus described his own position and proceedings:—"It was most disagreeable to me to meet General BEATSON, because I had caused an inquiry to be made by a body of officers, and was not in a position to inform him who his accuser was; and I got permission from Lord PANMURE to give him a copy of the charges." A more disgraceful way of treating a general officer of known character and merit could not be conceived, and the authorities have been obliged to confess they were wrong, by giving him subsequent employment. But, though all the charges broke down, General BEATSON did not receive that satisfaction from the Horse Guards to which he was clearly entitled, and having discovered that some of the most serious accusations came from Mr. SKENE, he sought redress in a court of law; and after a long delay, arising from his absence from this country, the case came off last week. The counsel for Mr. SKENE acknowledged the use of the words complained of, to the effect that General BEATSON had assembled the commanding officers of regiments and endeavoured to persuade them to mutiny against General SMITH, by whom he had been superseded. For the course of justice in this case it was important that the

Horse Guards should produce some official papers, and in one instance a clerk from that establishment informed Mr. Baron BRAMWELL that the document should be forthcoming if he thought it was required, although the Duke of CAMBRIDGE and the War Minister thought it ought to be reserved. Upon this the learned judge seemed so overtaken with a fit of flunkeyism as to make him forget the dignity and interests of his court. Alluding to the Duke of CAMBRIDGE and the War Minister he declared "he was very glad to see persons in their high station showing such deference to a court of justice;" but he at once deferred to their view that the papers should be withheld. His lordship might have known that the mere offer to produce the papers if he asked for them, was proof that the public service could suffer no great detriment from their publication; and as the matters are now historical, and the very war they relate to long since concluded, it was perfectly inexcusable that the judge should thus decline to obtain the best evidence in his power, and damage the cause of a gallant soldier in order to do the agreeable to persons of rank. Quite in keeping with this unfortunate conduct was his summing and directions to the jury, whom he bewildered with a jargon about "privileged communications," and induced to find a verdict for the defendant which will go far to establish the doctrine that officials are entitled to slander whom they please.

Although the defendant admitted having made the objectionable statements, the Judge suggested that the jury should consider he had not done so, because General SHIRLEY's recollection was somewhat different. He thought it would have been "more becoming if the defendant had said that he recognised the report he had circulated to be erroneous, and he gladly acknowledged it." But he suggested the consideration whether the communication was not made by Mr. SKENE "in discharge of his duty, and therefore privileged." The only pretence of privilege arose out of the fact that Mr. SKENE was in official communication with his superior. But surely that cannot justify the propagation of a slander which, if believed in and acted upon, would ruin for life the character and prospects of an innocent man. If Mr. Baron BRAMWELL's law of privileged communications is to be swallowed by juries, no one will be safe who has the misfortune to suffer the bad opinion or dislike of any official who chooses to convey a slander to his superior. Such a doctrine is monstrous; and we can only account for the learned Baron having given force to it by supposing that he had swallowed a red-tape worm, which a vigorous anthelmintic will be required to expel.

#### THE POPE IN IRELAND.

AN Irishman loves a row; indeed, as the ethnologists tell us, a Celt always did, and always will as long as the largest part of his brain bumps out over his ears, as it does, into that double-barrelled, dangerous organ of *Combatiiveness*.

Well acquainted with this scientific fact, it was with no surprise that we read the other day the blatant speech of an Irish Roman Catholic priest, who declared that he had about a thousand young shillelagh-men in his two parishes of Knockmadow and Ballybrag, and that he was prepared to lead them over into Italy, and bring back the Pope in triumph to Dublin. An old song says that the shillelagh is superior to the musket because it never misses fire—as to its superiority to grape shot we are dubious; though we believe that ROCHEJAQUELIN and his Vendean peasants several times won cannon from the French Sans-culottes with no stronger weapons than clubs. We were not the least surprised to find this Irish Friar TUCK wielding his quarter staff so lustily on the papal platform. We are quite sure that there are few villages in the hot-blooded south of Ireland which could not furnish a PETER the Hermit, in the shape of a priest, to preach up a new crusade, or to help to chair the Pontiff in the choir of Dublin Cathedral. We could imagine the dismay of the good old gentleman in difficulties, when the vessel of St. PETER, now a little leaky, touched the shores of the Emerald island. How turbulent, after the ominous quiet of the streets of Rome, the roars of "Cead mille Failtha," "Long life to your Riverine," "O that Dan had seen this day!" "Down with the murdering Saxon!" How scared he would be at the upward flight of brimless hats, the scurry of frightened pigs, the mad race and whirlwind of jaunting cars! He might certainly be a little shocked to see the Reverend Father POLDOODIE suddenly leave his side, in the midst of a "discourse" about "JOSEPH of Austria," to burst into some crowd of Papal followers, who for mere joy were breaking each other's heads, and disperse them with swishing blows of his heavy horse-whip. It might puzzle him too when rude men in frieze coats, at secret audiences, showed him suddenly their hands wet with landlord's blood, and prayed the Head of the Church for the absolution their parish priests had a thousand times promised them for such holy deeds.

We are sure that in a week, sick as SANCHO PANZA of the vexations of Barataria, the Pontiff, worried by turbulent priests and mischievous demagogues, afraid of being seized for rebellion against England, would hurry from Erin to bury himself in preference among the deadliest fevers of the Pontine marshes.

The Pope's position at the present time reminds us of an old Arab legend. A desert poet tells us that SOLOMON, that lord of genii and men, when he died, was embalmed and placed in a standing position, as if alive, in the great temple that he had built, and that the body remained thus, looking as if still alive, till some ants ate through the staff upon which the body of the great king leant, when it instantly fell to dust. So stands papal dominion in Rome, propped up by a French bayonet; remove the bayonet that hurts the old man, even though it supports him, and he falls confessed—the Guy stuffed with straw, the palpable lay figure and mummy and dummy that every one but an Irish priest knows he really is.

Any one who has once seen an Irish priest in the country parts of Ireland will not have been surprised by the late inflammatory speeches of the Pope's Celtic advocates. WOLSEY, in his full-blown pride on his road to Hampton, with his red hat and maces, and gold crucifixes strutting before him, could not present a more noxious specimen of priestly arrogance, pretension, and intolerance than the Rev. Father GROGAGAIN. The type we will present. In his sleek black, in his trim Hessian boots, he ambles by on his stout cob, past the mud huts, with crops of weeds upon the roof; rides past the bog, sliced like chocolate here and there; rides past the fetid potato fields, black and loathsome with disease; rides past the savage, half naked children, grovelling (the pig their fit playmate) in some mud pool, and takes no thought of the unimprovable misery such sights suggest; for the Rev. Father GROGAGAIN is on his way to an agitation meeting at Moretalk, and is arranging his speech in which he will denounce England as the eternal enemy of old Ireland; and the very reverend the Dean, sworn friend of the Bishop, will be there, from whom he looks for preferment; so he is trotting out all his old classical metaphors, and

"Julius Cæsar and Nebuchadnezzar"

will duly appear, no doubt, at certain stages of his frothy cataract of stale rhetoric and ecclesiastical abuse. Far be it from us in sketching the priestly agitator GROGAGAIN as he stamps upon the hollow platform, and spreads out before his seething excitable audience, "up" like bottled beer on the subject of papal wrongs, the old Tom Moore properties of "King O'Toole," "the sunburst banner," and Brian Boru, to deny that worthy priests exist in Ireland; seeing that many a good Vicar of Wakefield, detesting Ribbon murders and distrusting agitation, lurks in an Irish village;—to be found not at Cardinals' houses, or behind silver mountains of epergues, but at dying men's beds; not at the elbows of platform speakers, rubbing salt into old national wounds, but kneeling by the wasted beggar, and whispering comfort to the afflicted.

It is sad to see a friend whose faults seem unchangeable, in whom bad temper has grown chronic, or envy has become acute. It is still more sad to see a nation, nearly allied to us, and that we love—a nation with such a generous flame in its blood, such a chivalrous fire in its eye, become more peevish, fretful, and grumbling as it grows older. When Ireland had wrongs, it scolded and scratched; now it has none, or few, it scratches and scolds as bad as ever. Erin was always a fractious boy, who knocked down his nurse when he was scarcely as high as the table. Now a father of many children, it colonizes the world with grumblers, malcontents, and incipient rebels. It fills all the corners of the earth with "naughty boys," who at the very antipodes sulk and pout, and ram their fingers in their eyes, and will not be comforted even with the very largest gilt cake good fortune can offer them.

They cried and scolded once because the bogs were not drained; because they could not get a breed of pigs with five legs; because the quatern-loaf-tree would not grow in Ireland. They have filled America and Australia with races of grumblers, who torment us now abroad as they used to do at home. They have worked themselves up to that pitch, that were the Pope once among them and made King of Dublin, some of them would declare war to-morrow with England, because of that insulting anti-Celtic advertisement, that some "dirty Saxon," sworn enemy of Erin, inserted in the *Times* of last Monday—N.B.—"NO IRISH NEED APPLY." And now, potatoes being nearly convalescent, priests well to do, and Maynooth sopped off, these volcanic, illogical people are all in a seeth again, because their favourite plaything, that special and time-honoured ornament of their priests' playground during the long "winter of their discontent," the snow man with the three crowns, is fast melting in the growing warmth of the rising sun of Italian freedom. They want to move him to another spot, and try if

Dublin would not delay the thaw of this snow Pope, the incubus of the Seven Hills.

When we read speeches like those the Irish priests are daily flogging into the impressible and impulsive people who follow them like sheep do the butcher, we are really sometimes inclined to think that the Irish are Roman Catholics from mere spite to us, and that if we were to-morrow to all go to St. George's-in-the-East, and turn Crazyites, that the Irish, with a howl of indignation and the twinkle of a hundred thousand shillalehs, would instantly turn on the wing, like a flock of starlings, and cry out, "Luther for ever!" If we are not quite sure of this, we are certainly quite sure of the fact, that if England were Catholic the Pope would never have met with such fervent advocates in Ireland, nor would the Rev. Father GROGAGAIN have proposed to collect the thousand eligible striplings of his two parishes of Knockmadow and Ballybrag, and march to the relief of his Holiness.

What a day, indeed, for agitators and turbulent priests, and landlord-killers, and ambitious prelates, and the enemies of England generally, would be the day that the holy toe touched the green sod of the faithful country! Shiploads of historical painters would be there to see Cardinal WISEMAN, in his red hat and crimson gloves, present the Holy Father with an allegorical tiara of shamrocks. Miles of poets would be there to versify the occasion, and with howls of delight would almost awake the Liberator himself to rise and recommence his mischief. The papers would say nothing like it was ever seen since Saint PATRICK landed on the verdant shore, and mounting a steeple preached a sermon which purged Ireland for ever of snakes and toads, but left her still full to the brim with agitators more venomous and sedition-mongers more full of poison. Perhaps even in rivalry of the holy coat of Treves, the virgin who appeared to the French shepherd boys, and other modern wonders, a series of telling miracles would be arranged, by which BETTY MAGRATH would be enabled to chop up her crutches for fire-wood, and O'DONOGHUE of —, the well-known attorney, be enabled after thirty years' incapacity to speak the truth.

Seriously, the Pope in Ireland is an hypothesis most worthy of consideration. The Armada off Devonshire, the Inquisition sitting *en permanence* in St. James's Hall, the Cardinals giving *soirées* in Willis's Rooms, would not be half such ominous sights to Protestant England. The "*imperium in imperio*" would then be indeed realized. The mental conflict of prelates who serve two contradictory and jarring masters would then be indeed visible as the works of bees are who live in glass hives. Then we should see the thumbscrew of the confessional daily in exercise, every burst of Celtic spleen passing itself off as a roar of the old Papal bull, and every vulgar vituperator trying to get the fisherman's seal on his book, to pass it current as an outpouring of the real old religion.

To many violent men, much given to emphasizing their apocalyptic denunciations by thumps of their umbrellas on other people's toes and feelings, the present condition of the Pope, and the necessity of resorting to the body guard of young men from Knockmadow and Ballybrag, gives the most unfeigned and unchristian delight. Crafty fanatics, who are getting large incomes from a foolish public, by flaming the Last Day in frightened people's eyes, now compare the distressed old gentleman of the Vatican to the bedrid giant in Pilgrim's Progress, who lay, in his old age, harmless at the door of his cavern, making menacing faces at the Protestant travellers he could no longer clutch; to us his condition is one to excite a thoughtful man's pity, and even a generous enemy's compassion.

We English want no Inquisition racks, no Smithfield fires, no Peter's pence, no treasonable bulls, no plotting Jesuits, no demoralizing confessional, no non-natural monks, no impossible celibacy, no murder breeding absolutions, no sham miracles, no dominating priesthood, no sophistical dogmas, no spiritual despotism. God knows, we are as ready to shed blood to prevent such claims binding us again in the old sore places, as we were when we led CHARLES through the Whitehall window, when we drove JAMES the bigot to his French ship, or when we smote down the Highlanders at Culloden. We would not have the priests, and we will not have the priests—we are of the same mind now, the honest bulk of us, as when all London heaved and roared as our Bishops passed out once more free under the spiked portcullis of the Tower.

But still we can pity the fate of a good weak man, who, led into pitfalls by dangerous and bad advisers, hurries to his fate, willing to throw off crown after crown to stay his pursuers, yet loath to sacrifice one shred of the temporal power that he falsely, yet conscientiously, no doubt, believes delegated to him by God, whose Vicar he is called; after HILDEBRANDS and JULIUSES, poisoners and tyrants the retribution comes on an infirm old man, weak enough, false enough to his misgoverned subjects, Heaven knows, but in himself pure and stainless. But so it must be;



so after debauches and despots, the axe fell on the fat foolish LOUIS; so after criminals the most hideous earth had ever seen, the Turkish sabre descended on the harmless neck of the last CONSTANTINE. It is one of the dreadful warnings history reads to bad kings, when she cries that their own unpunished crimes shall be visited on the heads of their innocent children. It is perhaps already written in Heaven, that on the harmless Pius IX. shall be visited all the crimes of the Papacy that, once useful to centralize Christianity and guard the church from despotism and wrong, has long grown a mere incumbrance of the earth.

The sympathy of Ireland for the Pope under difficulties, let us conclude by saying, is generous, but it is as extravagant and irrational as Irish ebullitions generally are: it is seditious and factious; and it is all the louder in its demonstrations, we fear, because it is antagonistic to PROTESTANT ENGLAND.

#### PARLIAMENT:—NEW MEMBERS.

OUR list of the New Members who have found seats in the House of Commons since the recent Election has been enlarged within the past week by the translation of the honourable member for Scarborough to the House of Peers, owing to the death of his relative, Lord LONDONDUBOUGH.

Our enumeration, also, of new English members was not quite complete;—Marylebone ought to have been noticed; the seat vacated by Sir B. HALL, on his elevation to the Upper House, having been somewhat unexpectedly filled by Lord FERMOY. Then South Shropshire has seen the vacancy caused by the death of the Hon. Mr. CLIVE supplied by Sir B. LEIGHTON, through the interest of the CLIVE family. And, lastly, Monmouthshire has exchanged one Colonel SOMERSET for another Colonel SOMERSET,—a piece of electioneering legerdemain due to paramount BEAUFORT influence. These two Conservative additions are owing to the action of that aristocratic and landed element in our House of Commons so bitterly asailed by the BRIGHT party.

We now come to the Scotch and Irish catalogue, which will be found limited to the scanty number of three,—one for Ireland, two for Scotland. The solitary Irish case is that of Cork, where inexorable death has again exerted his power. The late Mr. FAGAN showed considerable promise at one period of his public career,—a promise that subsequent parliamentary performances never adequately justified. His were not the shoulders upon which the mantle of the Great Agitator was destined to fall: he wanted nearly every quality which made O'CONNELL great; he possessed some, however, that the Great Agitator lacked, and it was perhaps fortunate for the peaceful destinies of the Empire that it was so ordered. The death of Lord JAMES STUART gave the representation of Ayrshire into the charge of Sir JAMES FERGUSON: the contest was severe, but Conservatism triumphed. Mr. DISRAELI's private secretary, Mr. EARLE, who sat for Berwick, gave way to Mr. MAJORIBANKS,—and here for the present closes our catalogue.

Perhaps the most remarkable feature in these new Elections is their comparative tameness, and the general absence of that exhibition of Reform *fièvre* which made the years 1831 and 1832 memorable in the history of this country. We may be said to be on the verge of another political Revolution, another lifting of the "Anchors of the Monarchy," and that too by the same statesman who proclaimed "finality," and who declared that "one such revolution was enough in a generation." No inference, however, unfavourable to the necessity for Reform can fairly be drawn from this fact. The public generally appears to have made up its mind that reform must take place. Boroughs and constituencies *in esse* and *in posse* are alike—not apathetic, but acquiescent—as to the inevitable necessity which renders the advent of a new Reform Bill a matter no longer for dispute or delay. The new Members, for the most part, have gone into the House unfettered by positive pledges from their constituents, and as the majority of the new House are understood not to be too strictly bound by Hastings' promises, there is every prospect that the new Reform Bill will be debated with less heat and receive more fair play than was extended to the first Reform measure. We have already noticed the absence of what may be termed superior debating power in the Members more recently introduced into the lower branch of the legislature. Perhaps this deficiency is nowhere more obvious than in what may be called the Irish party. "Irish oratory" has borne a traditional reputation which recent years have not maintained. Since DANIEL O'CONNELL and SHEIL disappeared no orator of the Irish class has made his appearance worthy of higher than second place in the rank of parliamentary debaters. Even SHEIL and O'CONNELL never attained the very highest rank. SHEIL's oratory was a rhetorical fireworks,—sparkling, corruseating, but unmistakably artificial and histrionic. O'CONNELL was only occasionally great, but his greatest efforts were immeasurably surpassed by those mental athletes with whom he, perforce, was called upon to grapple in the arena of St. Stephen's. What have we in their place? Take the POLLARD-UNQUHARTS, the MAGUIRES, the McMAHONS, and the collective oratorical strength of that section which calls itself, *par excellence*, the "Irish party," and together they would fail to come up to the high oratorical standard of the least renowned of their departed countrymen. The traditional Irish gentleman is hardly to be found in the House. The last and possibly the best specimen,—a mixture of genial humour, shrewd sense, and large-minded sympathies, was to be seen in MORGAN JOHN O'CONNELL, the favourite

of both sides, whose absence from the House was a loss to the Irish party, and whose neglect by Governments, which showered patronage on the less deserving, is a standing reproach.

The Scottish party is not specially distinguished for eloquence, but on all questions, financial, social, and political, it exhibits that strong, searching and distinctive national acuteness which gives its opinions far more weight than its more impetuous and voluble Irish colleagues can claim. To the English side, whether in Lords or Commons, the palm of oratorical force must, for the present, be conceded. PALMERSTON, RUSSELL, GRAHAM, GLADSTONE, DISRAELI have no equals. DERBY, ELLENBOROUGH, BROUGHAM, OXFORD no rivals. It is true that the Scottish element is largely present even in this brilliant phalanx, but we believe the English party has most right to rank them on its side.

The inference that may fairly be drawn from the recent elections is, that the new Reform Bill, when it comes, will not prove that bugbear which timid Conservatives are inclined to believe. There is now no "pressure from without" to intimidate; no torchlight meetings, no midnight drillings, no threats of pouring the countless hordes of the north on the metropolis, in order to overawe the Legislature. All is quiet and decorous, as best becomes a great nation. The members recently chosen are not from the class of "unscrupulous demagogues" and "revolutionary Chartists," as predicted from the last Reform Bill: they are a pretty fair selection from the general body, and they afford a tolerably strong indication that any new bill will not materially change, but only enlarge, the composition of the House of Commons.

#### THE BALANCE OF RELIGIONS.

THE European international system is a balance of religions, as well as an equivoque of material forces, and of forms of government. In the pentarchy of the great Powers, France and Austria weigh in the one scale for Catholicism against England and Prussia in the Protestant scale; whilst Russia, as the representative of Greek Christianity, is the pivot on which the beam turns. Russia's epicene ecclesiastical gender admirably fits her for this neutral position, which is analogous to that occupied by Austria in territorial questions, and to that taken up by Napoleonic France in the struggle between representative institutions and absolutism. Moreover, apart from the fact that the Greek Church is alike anti-Papal and anti-Protestant, there is another circumstance which helps not a little to guarantee the Czar's impartiality in cases where none but religious interests are at stake. All-powerful as he is, there are under his august protection other doxies besides orthodoxy, whose tastes he is obliged to consult. Luckily, however, their sympathies are as evenly distributed as the antipathy of the Muscovite sultana. For if Poland is fervidly Catholic, his important Baltic provinces are still, for the most part, as staunchly Lutheran as when they were ravished from Sweden. Hence, for all practical purposes, the Russian quantities, the positive no less than the negative, may be treated, in the algebra of European religious politics, as equals added to both sides of the equation. They do not affect the result.

How then do the other factors stand? At first sight the odds against Protestantism would seem to be truly formidable; so much so, indeed, that there might be said to be no balance at all. Counting noses, for instance, we might be told that there are at least some sixty millions to which ecclesiastical pastiles are a first necessity of the spiritual life, against little more than half that number to which (except for getting rid of still more unpleasant smells) incense is an abomination. This calculation, moreover, does not credit the Catholic Powers with a single Pope's nose in the British or Prussian dominions, and takes for granted that the nose of every Anglican Tractarian, and of every admirer of the Berlin *Kreuz Zeitung* will be turned up with the true Puritan twist at the sight of a crucifix. It assumes that all the friends of His Holiness throughout England, Scotland, and Ireland, as well as in Prussia's Polish and Rhenish provinces, will prove unflinchingly loyal to their Protestant sovereigns, through whatever fiery trials the fine gold of their allegiance may have to pass. It simply does not poll them on either side, just as, on the other hand, it does not count the Hungarian and Transylvanian Protestants, nor the Greek Christians of Austria's Slavonic populations, nor the Lutherans of Alsace and Lorraine, nor the Calvinists of the south of France. If we add to the great masses on both sides the declared minorities, the Catholic ranks swell to seventy-two millions, whilst the Protestants receive an accession of scarcely six millions to set over against the twelve millions of recruits who pass over to the hostile camp. In the subsidiary system of the Minor States, the numerical balance, it is true, is a little better preserved. Even here, however, the disproportion is very far from vanishing. It still remains alarmingly great.

Even more decided, at the first blush, seems the advantage on the side of the Catholic interest on the score of superior cohesion and greater solidarity. Again, without going so far as to say that Protestants as a body are less in earnest about their religion, there can be no doubt whatever that Catholics make theirs a question of the political conscience, far more than their opponents. Split up as we are into scores of rival sects and churches, what chance do we stand against Rome with her proud boast of unity, and her restless spirit of intrigue? These facts, it must be granted, have an ugly look. Especially do they merit attention at a time like this. We seem to be living in the days of PETER THE HERMIT and WALTER THE PENNILESS once more. On every patch of Romanist soil in Europe hosts of maddened fanatics are clustering around mitred

and cassoed leaders, and nursing their wrath against all and sundry the enemies of the Pope. Protestant sovereigns are menaced because they do not fight for the restoration of his revolted provinces! Cathedrals echo with the war-whoop of religious strife! In Morocco, Spain is actually waging a Crusade. She is kindling a flame in Africa, never meant, perhaps, to be confined to that quarter of the world, and at all events but too likely to spread to our own. Catholic prelates, journalists, and pulpiteers are muttering between their teeth threats of a European war of creeds, and feverish Evangelicals and interpreters of prophecy are croaking similar sinister forebodings. It is well, therefore, to examine our securities against such a tragedy's ever being enacted at our cost, to look calmly and steadily in the face the facts of our condition. The ghost walks abroad, and must be laid by letting daylight into the haunted chamber. Happily a very slight scrutiny shows the forces to be, after all, so evenly balanced between the two hostile religions, that we may safely postpone preparation for Smithfield. Either the Great Tribulation is not coming on the earth just yet: or if Cardinal ANTONELLI does mean mischief, and should be fool and fiend enough to light up a conflagration, it is quite as likely to burn down the Vatican as St. Paul's.

To begin with, it is not enough in order to beget concord and co-operation between the two great Catholic Powers, that they both acknowledge one spiritual Head. Whatever such a recognition may be good for in securing unanimity in the belief of nonsense, it has never brought about to any very encouraging extent consentaneousness of political action. If we think it ought to do so, History laughs at our *à priori* conjecture, and gives the lie to the theory. The everlasting antagonism between France and Austria is proverbial. Especially during the three centuries that have elapsed since the Reformation, they have always been at cross purposes. LUTHER, in his day, saw them fighting in Italy, and only six months ago they were fighting in Italy still. All this time there have never been wanting shoals of zealots in cowls and in lay garb, like LOUIS VEUILLOT, who have raked heaven, earth, and hell for influence to cement amity between the Catholic Princes, and to coax them to unite for the chastisement of the heretic Powers. The saints above have been plied with prayers, and the sinners below with most honied persuasives, by bigots of both sexes. All has been in vain. Often have England and Prussia stood side by side in the cabinet and on the field; France and Austria scarcely ever. Rival candidates for the championship of the Church, Paris and Vienna have never been able to adjust their relative claims. Co-ordination runs counter to their Catholic and monarchical instincts, and subordination neither will for long submit to. Hence their eternal bickerings, which, to the scandal of many of the pious, the Holy Father is thought to have often fomented. Whether it is that he thinks his two dear sons can never agree except to rob him, certain it is that he has seldom benefited from any exceptional *entente cordiale* between them. The most miraculous instance of such an alliance was that patched up by KAUNITZ, which lasted for forty years down to the French Revolution. That talented minister induced MARIA THERESA to address Madame de POMPADOUR *Ma chère Cousine*, for which the empress afterwards begged GOD's forgiveness on her knees. The abolition of the Order of the Jesuits, and the establishment of Josephinism in Austria, were both the work of this period. The latter immense reform, which the Concordat has completely reversed, was mainly carried through by KAUNITZ, who used to be styled at Rome *Il Ministro Eretico*. On one occasion, when the Pope gave him as a distinguishing mark of honour the *insigne* of his hand to kiss, the Austrian gave it a hearty shake—a *gaucherie* of the most enormous character, which, however, admirably illustrates the unceremoniousness with which he was always wont to treat Roman pretensions. How the Pope fared after NAPOLEON I. had conciliated Austria, as the butcher conciliated the refractory sheep, by knocking her down and trampling upon her at Austerlitz, is well known,—as also how he is likely to fare now that NAPOLEON III. has repeated the process at Magenta and Solferino. In short, the Papacy has always had far more to dread than Protestantism from the agreement of the two Catholic Protecting Powers.

In like manner the assumed numerical preponderance of Catholicism, overwhelming as it seems at first, ceases to alarm us the instant we begin to analyse and weigh these imposing masses of figures. There are, so we are told, thirty millions and more loyal Papists in France—i.e. counting all the Deists and Atheists in and out of orders, together with all who, though neither Voltairians or Protestants, laugh most heretically at the *Charivari's* incessant jokes on M. VEUILLOT, and think the *brochure* one of the cleverest hits the Emperor has made. Even of Austria's priest-ridden thirty millions more, how many are there who do not gnash their teeth at the Concordat? How many who do not curse from morn to dewy eve the Jesuit camarilla with which his Bavarian mother has surrounded FRANCIS JOSEPH? Is there no disaffection in the church of St. Stephen, whose Primate lately presented the Protestants with a site for a cemetery and chapel? Or, perhaps, Bohemia, after centuries of fire and sword from the Hussite and Taborite, and Thirty Years' Wars downwards, is now at last quite staunch. Yet it is only a year or two ago since a whisper reached us of hundreds of Bohemian priests petitioning to be released from celibacy. The Vienna statesmen themselves, such as they are, all knew very well from the first that the Concordat was a measure of the "kill or cure" class. It has certainly not healed the patient. As to the alternative, Austria, like the other "sick man" in the next bed, may take a good deal of killing. On the other hand, it must not be forgotten that the Jesuit medicines are proverbially drastic.

It would be an insult to Prussia to degrade her to the level of her moribund sister, and it is no reflection on France to say that England is in every respect her peer. Our forty colonies count for something, as well as our Irish and other difficulties of the sort. In like manner, Prussia's vast military organisation, the chivalrous loyalty of her people, her troops more especially, and the support she commands in Germany, entitle her to something more than a mere arithmetical estimate of her power. If one third of her citizens are Catholics, she may, at least, congratulate herself that they are not fanatical to any dangerous extent. Nor must it be overlooked that the very existence of these not unimportant minorities on both sides constitutes one of the strongest and most reliable of our guarantees against any such collision as a few maniacs would, perhaps, be only too glad to provoke. Of course in Austria's present state of exhaustion, and whilst the relations between her and France—to say nothing of those between France and this country—continue such as they are, the apprehension of anything of the kind is simply ridiculous. The Ultramontanists must begin their PENELOPE's web again. It is only in their small newspapers that the Middle Ages have returned. A few weeks have destroyed the work of many laborious years and many ingenious brains. Public opinion is still a great power, especially when it assumes the form of laughter. PRUS IX., and his minion ANTONELLI, with all their black militia, may fret, and fume, and vapour to their hearts' content. Bigots may pray themselves hoarse, but there will be no red rain so long as the wind is in that quarter.

#### ITALY.

NOW that the projected Congress seems to have vanished into thin air—to have collapsed, and left disenchanted diplomatists standing, metaphorically, with staring eyes and mouths agape, out of breath with the sudden check placed upon their political movements—the world is anxiously awaiting the next move of the Italian game of chess which has been going on now for twelve months. It is high time that the present confessedly temporary state of things in Central Italy should give place to something of a more stable and permanent character. Hitherto, perhaps, few or no ill results have followed from the anomalous position in which the people and their rulers have stood to each other, as subjects and agents of a sovereign afraid to own or countenance their adhesion to his standard. But various hints and rumours of disaffection and impatience at the delay still interposed between the professed annexation of Lombardy with Piedmont, and the actual union of the one with the other by means of parliamentary suffrage, meet the eye and ear of those who examine somewhat below the surface. In the Emilian States, too, the waiting attitude now so long observed begins to be felt as somewhat irritating and irksome. Nor can it be wondered that the Italians should long for the moment when their political choice shall be ratified by the general consent of the governing powers of Europe, and they be left to pursue their onward course to freedom and prosperity under the guidance of their spontaneously chosen sovereign. Slight differences between the party adherents of CAVOUR and RATAZZI; the military followers of GARIBOLDI, DABORMIDA, and LA MARMORA; the modest, unobtrusive Evangelicals, and the haughty, overbearing zealots of the GIORACCHINO, Archbishop of Florence, school, make the friends of Italy somewhat anxious to see the end of the present abnormal condition of the Peninsula. True, in the main, the cause of order, freedom, and truth continues to gain ground. During the past twelve months qualities which deservedly ennoble a nation have been triumphantly conspicuous in both the rulers and the ruled. Nothing short of the test to which Italy has been compelled to submit could have made the world believe that she was rich in the very qualities and perfections of which she was supposed to be least susceptible. Yet human patience, forbearance, and compliance have their limits; and it will be well when the wand of the magician who evoked the storm is stretched forth in token that the Imperial "idea," though somewhat modified, is realized; and that, in accordance with it, freedom of action is at length recognised in the Peninsula.

A general feeling of relief seems to be the prevailing sentiment, as day after day passes over and confirms the notion that no Congress will be held. Owing to the opposing interests and wishes of the powers which would have been represented in it, it seemed utterly impossible that any adequate advantage could have been the result. Each state had a theory and practice of its own, utterly at variance with those of all the rest; and to have entered Congress under such circumstances would have been to violate the rules which have hitherto been held as inherent in the nature of Congresses. The meeting of envoys or plenipotentiaries to settle an extensive plan of political arrangements and re-organization, implies something approaching unanimity, or at least the desire to practise mutual concession and forbearance. The contemplated Congress of 1860, so far from promising to realize the objects hitherto kept in view in such solemn assemblages, seemed likely to prove a mere battle field for the encounter of antagonistic principles of action and the strife of conflicting interests. Though the position of England as a first class Power rendered it incumbent upon her to take her place as such, and accept the invitation given to her to share in the contemplated deliberations, she has no reason to regret that they are deferred *sine die*. Recent appearances seem to indicate that NAPOLEON III. is willing to adopt the principle which England has all along held, that the Italians have a right to choose their own ruler. But such was not the case when the invitations to the Congress were issued. It then seemed likely that Great Britain



would stand quite alone in her support of Italian freedom of action, and her position would have been exceedingly onerous.

The treaties of 1815 have not been so well maintained as to induce overwhelming anxiety that the parties to the Paris contract should again be called together in the face of the present contradictory and perplexing elements of disunion. Scarcely one of the signatories of the Vienna pact has failed personally and individually to violate it in spirit or in letter. That Austria has done so most unblushingly has been said and repeated so many times of late that we need employ but few words in pointing out the fact. The treaty of 1815 was specially intended to limit the occupation of Austria in Italy to the Lombardo-Venetian territory. In spite of the stipulation to this effect, she occupied the Duchy of Modena, the city of Placentia, and virtually reigned over the larger portion of the peninsula. According to the treaty in question, Lombardo-Venetia, though ceded to Austria, was to enjoy the immunities and franchises of an administration, if not independent at least individual and national. It will not be forgotten,—the rather that Venetia, unfortunately, still remains beneath the Austrian yoke, and but too truly confirms our testimony,—that so far from the above stipulation being observed, Austria reduced Lombardo-Venetia to a simple province of the monarchy, deprived it of all local life, treated it with gross severity, overwhelmed it with taxation, changed it, in short, into a theatre of war, whence menaces were continually issued to the whole of Italy, and which imperilled the safety of neighbouring countries. But not only in Italy did Austria violate the treaties of 1815. They were equally set at naught by her in Galicia and Cracovia. Russia acted in opposition to them with regard to Poland; Prussia in the Grand Duchy of Posen; France and England in Belgium; Switzerland in Neuchâtel. Their violation has twice been acquiesced in by the whole of Europe. In 1830, at the fall of the Bourbons, and the recognition of the sovereignty of July. In 1852, on the re-establishment and recognition of the Napoleonic dynasty. We have said these changes were acquiesced in by the whole of Europe, but we should have made an exception in favour of the Duchy of Modena. The worthy Duke, FRANCIS IV., whose relentless severity towards all holding liberal views, has scarcely ever been surpassed, and his equally enlightened son, FRANCIS V., both refused to acknowledge any Government in France after the expulsion of CHARLES X.

We see, then, how utterly without reason and value have been the outcries raised during the past few months against Italy, for seeking to rid herself of the despotism by which she was oppressed, and choosing her own sovereign and form of government. Treaties have been constantly invoked which have long since been torn to shreds and cast to the winds whenever they have proved in any degree embarrassing or inconvenient. Why, then, should Europe be alarmed at a fresh modification of those treaties? Let Italy now be suffered to take her affairs into her own hands, and show to the world that *Italia farà da se* is no mere empty boast. Austria has so much business of other kinds in hand that she is not likely to interfere directly; although she has already violated the engagements she entered into at Villafranca, by recruiting in Vienna for the Pontifical army. The world-renowned pamphlet, "*Le Pape et le Congrès*" has given the old Roman fox, according to Dante,

"Quella volpe che siede in Vaticano,"

so much to do in trying to retain possession of the territory she still holds, that she would be little able to utter any effective protest against the simple recognition of accomplished facts. In the kingdom of the Two Sicilies the sovereign finds it hard enough to hold on his progress-stifling, light-excluding course amidst the imminent dangers of moral volcanic eruption which hourly threaten his throne and dynasty with perdition, so that he doubtless would remain a quiet spectator of the adjustment of Italian affairs. Having thus disposed of the main difficulties and opponents in the way of the formation of the kingdom of Italy, we trust, before long, to see the Italians settled, contented, and prosperous. If this is to be secured only by the surrender of Savoy and Nice to France, this transfer may prove to be the key to the French enigma which has throughout proved so puzzling.

#### THE PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY.

THE seventh exhibition of the Photographic Society has commenced. To those who remember their earlier displays, the manifest advance, in every respect, which this one indicates is very great. The number, as well as the skill, of the exhibitors, and their productions, is higher. No less than two hundred specimens, chiefly those which had arrived latest, were unable to find space upon the walls, and were consequently dismissed to the limbo of "up-stairs."

The gloomy dinginess of the *coup-d'œil* is relieved, this year, by one or two coloured works of a larger size than usual, and by a more generally pictorial effect in the uncoloured. The first thought, on entering, is now "pictures; groups," rather than, as once, "specimens; preparations."

It is pleasant, perhaps from the rarity of the thing, to be able to give unqualified praise. Nearly all, nevertheless, of the sun-copies of prints and drawings in this exhibition seem to us well-nigh perfect. Mr. THURSTON THOMPSON's reproductions of sketches by RAFFAELLE and MICHEL ANGELO (Nos. 15 and 56), which we recognised at once as from the Taylor Buildings, are marvellous in their accuracy. The rough texture of the antique paper, with every stain and tear, is represented in black and white, so as to defy any but the closest inspection. Nos. 29, 38, 210, 211, 222, 223, are all copies of drawings by HOLBEIN in the Royal Collection at

Windsor. For all practical purposes they might be the drawings themselves. It is with peculiar pleasure that we watch the development of photography in this direction. This is the real popularising of art, to be able to give to the many, not imitations, not selections or adaptations, but the things themselves.

We cannot feel the same pleasure in the photographs from paintings. They fail, to our eyes, in the cardinal point—likeness. The feature, of course, in this line, of the exhibition, is the elaborately coloured copy of the cartoon of "Paul at Athens" (No. 338). Mr. THOMPSON's name is authority sufficient for the photographic work being as good as may be; and a first-rate colourist, we are assured, has been engaged for ten weeks before the cartoon, in the incessant and laborious endeavour to make the work, in colour as well as form, a fac-simile of the original—we cannot think he has succeeded. The result leaves a painful impression of chalky gaudiness, which the small size of the copy (in relation to the original) rather increases. A better attempt, we cannot but think, may be seen on the other side of the road, at Messrs. COLNAGHI'S.

This photographic copying of paintings is somewhat of a test, as in No. 22, a copy of a painting by J. NASH. Most are familiar with Mr. NASH's hard bold style, and angularly vigorous drawing, obtrusively inviting observation to the fewness and strength of the touches, the brightness of the colour, and the artfulness of the contrasts. Here again the glory has departed, and nothing but the obtrusiveness remains. The picture is nothing but a ghastly skeleton.

We cannot commend the photographs from her Majesty's collection, Nos. 24 and 48. They seemed to us confused, and too black and white, as well as small. More unfortunate still are the copies of the "Leisure Hour," by H. WEIR, and Mr. PHILLIPS's "The Huff" (No. 200). Every stroke of the brush is represented in light and shade, so as to give the whole picture a painfully streaky smeared look. The sad proud face of the Andalusian belle, with its trembling lips, is a hash of black splashes, and the delicate touches which, in the original, so well represented the tears quivering on her eyelashes, are depicted in the too faithful photographs as little mounds of paint, each casting its own decided little shadow. Decidedly the best copy of oil painting we noticed was No. 444, by Mr. HERING, the well-known photographer of Regent-street. All this gentler man's copies of engravings, also—which are too numerous for specification—seem to us most admirable.

The portraits are, of course, innumerable. Messrs. MAULL and POLYBLANK transplant to these walls many of those portraits of famous folk that have so long gladdened shop-windows. Mr. HERBERT WATKINS claims a special notice for the fine *pose* and general pictorial effect of his portraits, and also for the clearness and sharpness of his details. He has a remarkably fine portrait of a man very difficult on many accounts to depict forcibly—Lord BROUGHAM. The venerable legislator is admirably rendered. Nos. 525 and 363, by Mr. A. HEATH, attracted our admiring regards from their faultless portraiture (we speak in all seriousness), both with and without colour, of a most faultless pair of whiskers. A magnificent little boy, too (unnumbered, but hung on the left of the secretary's chair), standing on an arm-chair, with his sturdy little feet half hidden in the soft spring cushion, is a great feat in the difficult art of catching a child's expression at its best.

To our mind, however, photographic portraiture is not, and we don't well see how it can ever be, first-rate. It is, after all, only a fixing of the transient expression which the photographer or the sitter thinks the finest. It cannot be,

"As when a painter, poring on a face,  
Divinely, through all hindrance, finds the man  
Behind it, and so paints him that his face  
The shape and colour of a mind and life  
Lives for his children ever at its best  
And fullest."

Where, as in the group of portraits, No. 2 (with the exception of Mr. LANE's gentle and lovable face) the texture of the skin is exaggerated into something like disease, the effect is leprous and horrible. Let us protest against the comic and theatrical photographs. It is simply repulsive to see people grinning and staring in groups, in order to be "taken off." It cannot be really comic, and the attempt to retain the limbs in a passing gesture, or the features convulsed under a temporary excitement, becomes mere affectation. "Miss Atkinson as Lady Macbeth" (No. 645); "Mr. Robinson and Miss Heath as Romeo and Juliet" (No. 501); "The Lady who looks Lavinia" (462), a nameless lady who, we trust, is libelled by the sun; "Ophelia" (430); "The Lady of Shalott" (447); a variety of strange things called "Studies" (504); the stiff groups of "Country Girls" (429 and 493); and the deadly-lively comic group of "The Magistrates" (389)—are fair examples of how even good workmanship is unable to carry off what is so essentially vulgar.

¶ One group we must except, as most characteristic, and not open to the above objections; we mean that of "Village Carpenters" (413). It is simply a group of four portraits, and the amusing element in it is the different forms and degrees of embarrassment in the four honest fellows who have been induced to stand for their likenesses.

With the landscapes we must conclude. As good as dull purple and white can be, are Mr. Lyndon Smith's two views in and near Wharfedale (23) and (47). The clearness of the work is exquisite, and the gradations of distance prove how much better adapted our moist air is for the finer effects of aerial perspective, than a hotter and brighter climate, such as that, for instance, in which Mr. FAIRB took his views of the Holy Land and Egypt. No. 50 is a most

successful conquest of the hardest process in the art, one not to be acquired without years of labour, and a most delicate power of manipulation; the FOTHERGILL process with the dry plate, in which the position can be taken at any time, thus obviating the annoying encumbrance of a tent.

Mr. JOUBERT's permanent process, with the help of which he proposes to illustrate books (even scientific ones), should not be left unnoticed. The best specimen, perhaps, is one without a number, but hung on the end of the third screen, on the right of the secretary's chair.

Mr. SMITH has not been so successful in his "View of Knaresborough." The impression this gloomy picture gives is that of evening, and late evening: yet the shadows are strong, and not more than half the length of the posts that cast them. It is hard upon the sun to employ him to put himself out so completely.

Messrs. BISSON FRÈRES, in "The Sources of the Aveyron" (143); "Mont Blanc" (299); "Les Serais" (300); and "Les Grandes Jorasses," (301) are as good as ever; and are, indeed, real benefactors in bringing under the eyes of people who will never even see Alpine scenery, very truthful representations of its beauty and grandeur.

A large photograph of Niagara arrived after the exhibition opened. Everything but the rushing swirls of water just above the fall was admirably represented—foam, spray, clouds, distance, rocks. But the water was like macaroni, and Niagara unfortunately consists largely of water.

There are several examples, as (140), if we remember rightly, of the error of photographing a view beyond water. The reflections in the foreground water are so black and deep as to overpower everything else, and to give an unpleasant topsy-turvy feeling to the whole composition.

The result produced on our own mind by the whole exhibition, is—after admitting the wonderful manual and chemical skill displayed—that painting, whether of landscape, portrait, or figure, stands in no danger from the gloomy accuracy of the photograph, which bears the same relation to it as the skeleton to the living being; but that in accurate copying of prints and drawings, as we have noticed, or of the minute inanimate objects, as the mediæval locks, keys, and spoons (No. 9), or the piece of music on the end of the second screen, it is unrivalled in delicacy, and is almost reduced to perfection by the able artists who now practise it.

#### A PLEA FOR BRITISH COLUMBIA.

DR. JOHNSON has remarked in the "Rambler," with, we think, somewhat less than his usual acuteness, that "no word is naturally or intrinsically meaner than another; our opinion therefore of words, as of other things, arbitrarily and capriciously established, depends wholly upon accident and custom." The associations which make a word mean and disagreeable, or the reverse, may indeed be both accidental and partial; but the Doctor appears to put entirely out of the question the melody of words—according to our opinion, no unimportant part of them. Melody and association are both concerned, however, in the few remarks that follow.

We conquer, we clear, we colonize; we subdue wild men, and subjugate wilder nature—and to make acquisitions is certainly a far more important matter than to name them. In this latter point the Anglo-Saxon settler vulgarizes most energetically. We might excuse convicts, and those who first push forward discovery and settlement, but unfortunately there seems often to be an aftergrowth of vulgarity in the choice of names for things and places which is not so pardonable. Now at the best the sounds of the English language, glorious as it is, are far from being the most melodious in the world. Translate the names of a few of the French and Italian streets, for instance, into English, and see *Rue de la Croix Rouge*, *Strada della Croce Rossa*, certainly gain no grandeur by being translated into "Red Cross Street," and were we to try the next half-dozen that might occur to us the result would be the same. Or take, again, a few of the names of well-known artists, and English them; what does the reader think of Poussin, Bourdon, and Moucheron, transmuted into Messrs. Chicken, Drone, and Gnat. Or the great masters of the Ferrarese School: Garofalo and Mazzolino metamorphosed into Messrs. Pink and Nosegay? So far perhaps we cannot help ourselves; we must take our language, as far as regards its sounds, as we find it. But to show the Anglo-Saxon tendency to vulgarise intensely, willfully to prefer the unpleasant to the pleasant association, we have but to look to our Transatlantic kinsmen. Rice may not be a word of very pleasant sound, but why vulgarise it into the roundabout slangy rattle of "swamp seed?" "Corn" is better in sound; it is the word of Scripture—the old English word, hallowed by a thousand poetical associations. What wanton coarseness to knead up all descriptions of it into the utilitarian "bread stuff!" In some parts of America, owing to an ingenious preference for the disgusting, all the stores of the entomologist come under the all-inclusive genus of "bugs;" and that elegant creature the fire-fly is, *par emphasis*, the "lightning-bug." We admit the general superiority of the men of Boston in matters of taste, and a sheet of water six miles long is certainly not to be compared to Huron and Ontario; but why do they still persist in calling Assawampset lake a *pond*, in preference to the more dignified term to which it might fairly lay claim? Every young nation seems destined to have some of the marks which characterize the youthful human individual, but it is time for America to cast off this slough of slang.

A remark of Haygarth's, in his "Bush Life in Australia," is

here worth noting: "As to such names as Jerry's Plains, Patrick's Plains, or Paddy's River, it seems a cruelty to inflict them on a new country."

We think so indeed. They are new, as bad as the worst native terms—Wog-Wog and Bong-Bong—and not nearly so desirable as the best—Taralga, Hawarra, and Marulan. May British Columbia escape the fate of Australia, and may its localities be Christianly christened! Where a country is subject to a survey, it might be as well for those who take the survey, to make at least an effort to save from the kind of desecration we have been describing its more interesting localities. Certainly, if we have saved by these few words of ours some grand ravine from the *sobriquet* of "Bobby's Gully"—some snow-crowned and cloud-rapped height from the denomination of the "Buller's Bump," this little labour of love to nature and admonition to man will not have been altogether in vain.

#### THE EDINBURGH REVIEW.—TAXATION.\*

THE present number of the "Edinburgh Review" has two political articles, one on the progress of Law Reform, the other on British Taxation. The latter refers to a "subject of great interest and universal concern," and we shall best consult the advantage of our readers by concentrating attention on it. An elaborate article on the *Mortality in Trades and Professions*, an interesting commentary on *Raoult's Herodotus*, a descriptive account of the *Coal Fields of North America and Great Britain*, an abridgment of Mr. Oliphant's narrative of *Lord Elgin's Mission to China and Japan*, an exposure in detail of many errors in *Alison's History of Europe*, an instructive paper on the *Acclimatization of Animals*, and a pleasant notice of *Madame Recamier*, which includes a description of the manners of the Parisians under Napoleon, make up the number and are worthy of perusal. It has no light article; it is solid throughout, and will be read more for instruction than amusement.

The article on taxation is meant to smash all discontent with and all opposition to the present system. The Reviewer shows that taxation per head has been steadily diminishing ever since the termination of the great war; that taxation in proportion to wealth is only half what it was at that period; that our fiscal burdens are lighter than those of the French; that even as compared with America, we are not discreditably taxed; that it is quite an error to describe our present system as expensive,—it is much more economical than that of either France or America, and does not press with unfair severity on the working classes. All these points are worked out with much minuteness, considerable care, great array of facts and figures, and the whole is stated with a studied appearance of candour. If all the facts and all the figures of the whole problem were really collected, to refute the author's conclusions might be difficult, but he warns us that they are only approximations, and he does not affirm their unassailable accuracy. We beg to call his attention to one palpable error which runs through the bulk of the article, and vitiates alike his comparisons between the present and the past, and between England and other countries.

All his statements turn on the amount of property in this country now and formerly and in other countries, and he gets at the amount of personal property by the sum annually paid for the legacy and probate duties. Now *funded property* is, like other personal property, subjected to these duties;—consequently funded property is included in the Reviewer's estimate of personal property. Funded property, however, is nothing more than a right to receive £28,700,000 per annum of the public taxes. A sum to that amount is annually taken from the tax payers, and handed over to the tax receivers. The personal property has no other existence. To the individuals who receive the dividends they are undoubtedly personal property, but now to reckon amongst the assets of the Nation, £800,000,000 of debt is as gross a blunder as ever was committed by a self-deceiving bankrupt.

Moreover, real property is estimated by the annual income it yields. Now the tax on corn, and the taxes on butter, cheese, fruit, etc., keep up the price of the produce of our own soil equal to the rate of duty. This enhances *pro tanto* the rent of land; and so the nominal value of real property is also increased by taxation. We are by no means sure that a similar effect is not the result of excise and other duties, which compel the consumer to hand over a part of his property to enrich the distiller, the paper-maker, the maltster, the barley grower, and the landowner,—an additional sum which ought to be transferred from the creditor to the debtor side of the account in considering the burdens of the people. Much of the personal property which the Reviewer represents as bearing taxation is taxation itself.

In making a comparison between the revenue and expenditure of England and other countries, the services of the different Governments must be considered. Now, the French budget, and the budgets of the several states of the Union, provide for the ecclesiastical establishments so far as they are state endowments, and for all the establishments for education; while our church establishment is paid for by what is called church property, which is in reality a tax on the people, enforced by the State through the instrumentality of the soil; and the expense of education is defrayed by the people, apart from their contributions to the State. In the year just expired 3,684,617 dollars appears in the budget of the State of New York as the charge for education, being one-fifth part of the total State expenditure. For this, schools were provided for all the youths of

\* The Edinburgh Review. No. CCXXV. London: Longman & Co. Edinburgh: A. & C. Black.



the State. At the present moment, too, our people are put to an enormous expense of time and money to provide by rifle and volunteer corps for the national defence; while in France no such expense is ever incurred, and in the United States all the expense of the militia—amply sufficient for the defence of the country—is included in the budget of the several States. We affirm, therefore, that the statements in the Review, comparing present with past taxation, are inexact, one-sided, and incomplete, by placing all the increase of the national debt between 1803 and now on the wrong side of the account, and by omitting all notice of the effects of existing fiscal laws in enhancing the nominal amount both of personal and real estate; and they are also inexact, one-sided, and incomplete, by not including the total cost of educational and ecclesiastical services, and the cost of voluntary defence in our expenditure, as they are included (or not incurred) in the expenditure of those two other countries. In fact, the elaborate comparisons, when closely examined, are found to be worth nothing, not even detailed criticism.

We object, however, to all such comparisons, as leading the public mind away from the real object to be investigated. The nation wants to know exactly what is the worth to it of its own everlastingly-bepraised Government, not what is the worth of the despotism of France and the multiplied Governments of America to the French and the Americans. Paradoxical as it appears, it is, in one sense, unfortunate for us to be in a better political condition than surrounding people. It is equally unfortunate that our unwearied struggles to obtain prosperity are singularly successful. Nature rewards them most bounteously. But this increased prosperity, as compared to the poverty from which these exertions have enabled our people to escape, and this superior political condition which we have achieved in spite of the exertions of our so-called rulers, are for ever held up to us as reasons why we should bear unnecessary exactions and mischievous restrictions. In every other part of society service rendered is the criterion of payment; for the service of the Government the criterion of payment is the wealth of its employers. There was some ground for this as long as the Government was merely the instrument of a class to extort for its benefit the labour of serfs; but this ground sank away as the Government became the servant of the whole people. Its services now to us are not to be measured by our wealth, or by the wretchedness of any other people, but by their worth. If our taxation can be defended, it must be by what our Government does for us now; not by what it did in the time of the Plantagenets of Sir R. Walpole or Mr. Pitt; nor by what is done by the Governments of France and the United States. We are deficient, as the Reviewer admits, in the elements of comparison, and it is only instituted by him and others to keep in life present calamities. Are all our people not to have roast beef in abundance because the French live on bread, chestnuts, and grapes? Are they not to enjoy all the advantages of civilization because the Yankees have yet to conquer the untenanted wilderness? Such comparisons are bureaucratic juggles to hide from the people the actual cost of our Government and its actual worth.

The true criterion is far less the amount of taxation than the condition of the multitude. In the midst of enormous wealth, the produce of their labour, they remain poor and degraded. Inherited and diffused knowledge, the source of the national power, is incorporated in the muscles and the brains of the working multitude. It may be written in treatises; it lives in the people. They, therefore, are fairly entitled to a full share of all the advantages of success. But the Reviewer tells us that nine-tenths of the houses of Great Britain are valued at less than £20 a year. The bulk of the people, then, are still forced to dwell in hovels or places little better than pigsties. We all know what accommodation a house valued at £20 a year affords in our towns for a family; and we shall not adduce another fact to show how and why the condition of the multitude is a scandal to the taxing Government. They are still lodged like serfs, exposed to filth and disease, and live, as we are reminded almost every week by the Registrar-general, only two-thirds of their time. Their condition, while they produce all our wealth, is a conclusive proof that, to them, the Government costs an immense deal more than it is worth.

The Reviewer obviously dwells in a Government building, and knows direct taxation only as a small reduction in the amount of his salary. He labours most assiduously to frighten the people against substituting direct taxation for indirect taxation, by harping on the visits of the tax-gatherer. To us, alas! he already comes for the Government taxes twice a year, and for the parish rates four times a year. We are then obliged to pay, whether we like it or not. Hundreds of the poorer classes are summoned every quarter for not paying rates. Already, therefore, the bulk of the community suffer all the possible evils of direct taxation, against which the Reviewer seeks to warn us, and in addition all the possible evils of indirect taxation. The nation is now visited by both these plagues, and those who seek to get rid of indirect taxation would, greatly to the relief of industry, and the progress of prosperity, relieve us of one.

#### VOLUMES OF TRAVELS.\*

THE intelligent traveller is a benefactor to whom we cannot be too grateful. He is the pioneer of progress, and by his discoveries clears the way for the merchant, the statesman, and the adventurer.

\* *A Visit to the Philippine Islands.* By Sir John Bowring, LL.D., F.R.S. Smith, Elder, and Co.

*My Diary in India, in the Year 1858-9.* By William Howard Russell, LL.D. 2 vols. Routledge, Warne, and Routledge.

There are great differences, however, in travellers:—some see only with their eyes, others with their understanding. Not seldom, we meet with prejudiced observers and political partisans, with whom all is derived from prejudice, but whose position or powers of writing command attention. The volumes before us are written by distinguished men, but on that account require all the more care in perusal, and, in particular, great caution as to "foregone conclusions." Of these, there are many in the work which first claims our attention.

The Philippine Islands, unfortunately, have been made the arena for the exhibition of the bitterest odium theologicum. The early governors of Manila were troubled with Chinese pirates. In 1603, we read of the arrival of three Mandarins, sent by the Emperor, who had been informed that the Island of Cavite was of gold; but, after examining the island for themselves, they left. The governor of the period placed more confidence in the Japanese, who counselled him against the plots of the Chinese. The latter were ultimately worsted; only one hundred, out of twenty-four thousand, escaping. Thirty-two years afterwards, some Japanese Christians fled from persecution: about the same time, a quarrel took place between the archbishop and the Jesuits, the latter being supported by the governor. Struggles between the natives and the Spaniards were also frequent. Earthquakes, in 1645, did much damage; as many as 3000 persons having, it is said, lost their lives. The power of the Inquisition, also, reached these islands, and laid hands on a profane governor, by name Salcedo, a Belgian; the agents of the Holy Office having entered the palace, found the governor asleep, put iron upon him, and carried him a prisoner to the Augustine Convent.

The sole historians of the Philippine Islands are the monks, who e judgment is, of course, partial; and particularly in relation to one governor, named Hurtado, whom they accuse of endeavouring to starve the convents, and of interfering with the election of ecclesiastics. He had to banish the archbishop, who was conveyed by force in his pontifical robes to the vessel appointed for his transport, for which act the Dominicans launched their excommunications and censures at the governor. The quarrel continued, until the king of Spain sent out a commission to inquire into the troubles, for the Pope had taken up the cause of the more violent clergy. An instructive lesson, doubtless, might be gathered from a true narrative of these contentions, but such does not exist. The turbulent churchman is ever a source of abundant evil.

In the eighteenth century we find the Philippines in danger from the Mahomedan. Towards the end of the century (1762) the islands fell into the power of the British.

The author derives from the state of the population in the Philippine Islands an argument against the Malthusian theory. The Archipelago presented to him unnumbered sea-surrounded regions, of which few had been trodden by European foot, still fewer thoroughly explored, and scarcely any that are now inhabited by any civilized or foreign race, yet covered with beautiful and spontaneous vegetable riches above, and bearing below countless treasures of mineral wealth. Their powers of production appeared to him to be boundless. Moreover, they had the varieties of climate which mountains, valleys, and plains afford—rains to water, suns to ripen, rivers to conduct, harbours for shipment—every recommendation to attract adventure and to reward industry; with a population of only five or six millions, when ten times that number might be supplied to satiety, and enabled to provide for millions upon millions more out of the superfluities of their means. Sir John Bowring professes to recognise a law of progress in the course of Providence. The latter, in his opinion, never fails, while the race of man proceeds in ever augmenting numbers to provide ample means for their maintenance and happiness. Neither land nor sea, he adds, is exhausted or in process of exhaustion.

This work on the Philippine Archipelago is more of a compilation than one of observation. It consists of twenty-six chapters, each of which treats a particular topic, and for the most part collects the requisite information; and it is illustrated with no fewer than seventeen engravings, which are cleverly designed and well executed. The most curious part of the book is an account which Sir J. Bowring gives of a barbarous race living in the remotest mountainous regions of Mindanao: who are said to wear no garments, to build no houses, to dress no food, but to wander in the forest, whose wild fruits they gather by day, and sleep among the branches of the trees by night. They have no form of government, no chief, no religious rites or usages. Sir John saw one of the race, who was brought for sale, as any wild animal might have been, to the governor of Zamboanga who retained the lad, apparently of about eight or nine years of age. Our author observed him while waiting at Iloilo, with other native servants, at table, and he seemed the most sprightly and intelligent of the whole—bright-eyed, and watching eagerly every sign and mandate of his master. He was very dark-coloured, almost black, his hair disposed to be woolly: he had neither the high cheeks nor the thick lips of the African negro, but resembled many specimens of the Madagascar people. Our traveller was informed that the whole tribe are of very small stature; and that they avoid all intercourse with other races, collect nothing, barter nothing, and, in fact, want nothing.

Continuing this subject, which on many accounts, is exceedingly interesting, Sir John Bowring tells us that he had once occasion to examine in the prison of Kandy one of the real "wild men of the woods" of that island, who had been convicted of murder; but the moral sense was so latent that the judge could not regard him as a responsible being. But, he adds that little resemblance exists between Filipinos and the Cingalese in any external characteristic; and thence infers that there are more varieties of the human family

than have hitherto been recognised by physiologists, "amongst whom no affinity of language will be found." He then delivers himself of a strong opinion, that "the theories current as to the derivation of the many varieties of the human race, from a few primitive types, will not bear examination." We think it right to record this dictum, though we have not space now to discuss it as a proposition, much less to enter into the various ramifications of argument and doctrine to which it would logically lead.

Sir John Bowring's theory of language we must quote, as he repeats it more than once, and would, therefore, appear desirous of raising a question on it:—

"A great variety of languages is to be found among the wild people of the interior. Not only are dialects of the various tribes unintelligible to each other, but sometimes a language is confined to a single family group. Where there has been no intercourse, there is no similitude. Words are necessary to man, and language is created by that necessity. Hence, the further the study of idioms is pursued back into antiquity, the greater will their number be found. Civilization has destroyed hundreds, perhaps thousands, of idioms, and is still carrying on the work by diminishing the number of languages in which man holds intercourse with man. It is no bold prophecy to aver that in the course of centuries, the number of separate tongues will be reduced to a small amount. In France, the French; in Italy, the Tuscan; in Spain, the Castilian; in Germany, the Saxon; in Great Britain, the English, are becoming the predominant languages of the people, and have been gradually superseding the multitude of idioms which were used only a few generations ago. Adelung recorded the names of nearly 4,000 spoken and existing languages, but a list of those which time has extinguished would be far more extensive."

Of an entirely different character is Dr. Russell's work on India. The author went forth to see "the reed shaken by the wind," and returns to tell us what he saw, and how it was shaken. He was accompanied by Mr. Lundgren, who has supplied the several illustrations to the work. Our readers must not expect from us an analysis,—so much depends upon the writer's style, that they must read the book for themselves. None but his own words, for instance, can describe the manner in which the report of Havelock's death was received at Alexandria. He regrets that England has not her just share of moral influence in the East. The civilization is decidedly French; diplomatic communications, European literature, are French. The bazaars are full of portraits of Bonaparte and Kleber, and pictures of the battle of the Pyramids. His description of the Desert, and the sentiment it inspires, is most striking. One amusing anecdote, in the midst of all, he tells us, of an attempt by a native barber at Suez to shave him while he slept. He found it was esteemed the *chef d'œuvre* of Asiatic tonsorial art to shave a man while slumbering without waking him.

Our author's account and portrait of Lord Canning is highly creditable to the Governor-general, and testifies to his very great abilities, as well as to his singular courtesy. The traveller was on his way to Cawnpore, and preparing for an introduction to Sir Colin Campbell, the Commander-in-Chief. Dr. Russell was naturally anxious about the truth of the statements concerning mutilated women, but, up to this point, he was unable to meet with a single instance.

Dr. Russell shows much sympathy for the Hindoo race, and wonders that we are not more careful of our conduct in those distant regions. Were the wrongs we permit committed nearer home, he is of opinion that they would not be so quietly allowed. He mentions with indignation his hearing "that the menagerie of the King of Oude, as much his private property as his watch or turban, were sold under discreditable circumstances, and his jewels seized and impounded, though we had no more claim on them than on the crown diamonds of Russia. Do the English people care for these things?" asks Dr. Russell; "do they know them? The hundred millions of Hindostan know them well, and care about them too."

The diary form in which this book is written, though it might furnish good extracts if it were our cue to give them, causes the personal so to dominate over the historical, that it requires much careful reading to extract from it the information desirable as the substance of a review. The volumes present a series of dioramic pictures as they daily pass before the eyes of the author, and to describe these were to rewrite the journal of which they form the contents. Dr. Russell, however, paints his scenes with the pencil of a novice, and he confesses it. He has to learn every thing, as he courses along; so that his Diary does not describe India as it is, but the state of the writer's mind as to India. He gains his experience bit by bit, and we gain it with him. His "look at Cawnpore," and his meeting there with Azimoola Khan, are both mark-worthy, both for the incidents and the reflections. His description of the siege of Lucknow is appalling. His life in camp seems to have been made for him exceedingly pleasant, and the confidence placed in him by the Commander-in-Chief almost unlimited. But Dr. Russell has a full sense of the horrors of war, and treats them as horrors. He has no tendency to translate their guilt into glory. He refuses to be unjust to the native, and censures his own countrymen freely. Our conduct towards the King of Delhi he condemns in no measured terms. He sees rightly that our own safety in India depends on the extinction of the faults by which its Government has been fatally distinguished.

#### TRAINING AND STRAINING.\*

MR. SMILES's valuable and instructive book is founded, as he tells us, upon an introductory lecture, delivered by him to a society of working men in a northern town; its object is to inculcate the

\* *Self-Help; with Illustrations of Character and Conduct.* By SAMUEL SMILES, author of the "Life of George Stephenson." London: John Murray, 1859.

necessity of earnestness in the pursuit of every object of life. "What is worth doing, is worth doing well," might be his motto. By self-help he really means industry, perseverance, energy, courage, and self-denial; and he seeks to illustrate his subject by copious examples of men who have arrived at fame, through every obstacle of birth and fortune. The book is, indeed, a compressed biographical dictionary. Mr. Smiles does not add much of his own libretto to his characters; he lets them pretty well play their own part, and by a constant succession, by an interminable repetition of the same examples of strong will, perseverance, success, he seeks to impress those characteristics indelibly on his hearers;—his book is, in fact, a most valuable collection of biographical sketches or extracts (illustrations of character and conduct, he calls them), collected with much industry, and carefully and skilfully arranged, which, taken with his own exhortations, which are distinguished by an unusual weight of true wisdom and a rare eloquence,—form a volume of most powerful rhetoric in favour of the virtues he inculcates. No one can read the book, and get up without feeling that man without those virtues is naught; nay more, without the fancy, that hard work is some preternatural agent that can effect results almost beyond the scope of human conception.

The ostensible object of the work then, is to prove that success is not to be obtained without diligence, self-denial, and determination. But it does not stop here: we are bound to say that Mr. Smiles has conjured up such a terrible picture of the hardships entailed by success in this world, that it becomes a question whether some sort of failure may not be preferable. "All work and no play, all work and no play," he says in effect; "mind that—as you would live no play! Look at so and so, and so and so—they didn't go to bed for a week; they fed on crusts, they laboured day and night, and at odd hours besides: ceaseless toil, if you please, my friends! It is this—if you make up your mind to be a grinder, you must never cease grinding; never look to the right or left; let nature, let man (and woman) pass; stick to your grindstone, and you will become such an admirable grinder, that people will not know the difference between you and a genius."

But let alone grinding, is anything worth being bought at such a price as this? Is there not something nobler, after all, than hard work even? Has Providence given us this pleasing anxious being, merely for the use of the workshop, or the study? Are the beauties of nature, the affections, the delights of the senses, to count for nothing, except to such as make them the objects of their study? Success was meant to minister to man, not man to place his nature in the balance against success. If the human mind has had allotted to it stern duties while it remains on this earth, it has also been endowed with sensation; of extreme delight. Their origin is common, and it is no doubt intended that they should be used together.

To show that we are doing no injustice to Mr. Smiles, we will quote a few of his examples of workers—thus, Arkwright worked for seventeen hours a day, and began to learn the English grammar at fifty; his time was so valuable, that he always travelled with four horses. Watt was thirty years upon his condensing engine, and Stephenson twenty-five upon his locomotive. Walter Scott as a copying clerk managed to copy one hundred and twenty pages of MS. in the twenty-four hours. When a clerk in the Court of Session he got up at five every morning, lighted his own fire, and did his literary work before breakfast. John Britton worked sixteen hours a day. Loudon sat up two whole nights a week to study, while working like a labourer all day. Joseph Hume got up at six, worked all day, and outsat the House of Commons every night. Hale studied sixteen hours a day—Hume the historian wrote thirteen—Hunter allowed himself but five hours' sleep in the twenty-four—Jenner was twenty years in perfecting vaccination—Herschel, while in the band of the Bath pump-room, finished two hundred specula before he made one that would suit his telescope—Titian worked daily for seven years at the "Last Supper"—Meyerbeer studies music for fifteen hours a day—Giardini said it would take twelve hours a day for twenty years to learn the violin, and Taglioni could only arrive at her perfection in dancing, by constantly practising until she fainted. Foley, the founder of the present noble family of that name, worked his passage twice to Sweden and back, and supported himself there as a fiddler for several years, in order to learn the secret of splitting iron. Eldon rose at four in the morning, and worked till late at night, with a wet towel round his head to keep him awake—but there is no necessity to multiply instances of the labour of lawyers, history and biography are rife with them, and the shelves of many a library attest an industry that is almost superhuman.

But what is this success in life after all? To have accomplished an undertaking that will benefit the human race till the end of time, to have made a name that will never be spoken without a thrill of triumph, are, indeed, noble results, well worth striving for,—almost, but not quite, worth the casting overboard of human weakness and human pleasure. But how many can attain this? How many have attained it? There is necessarily a limit, not only to the subjects which will confer such a fame, but to the persons who are capable of reaching it. How many of our readers have heard of Elihu Burritt? Yet he probably worked harder than any man that ever lived: while earning his living as a blacksmith he learnt forty languages! Mr. Smiles's creed is, in fact, a muscular one. "The fable of the labours of Hercules," he says, "is indeed the type of all human doing and success." Hard work is really a question of physical strength: and, to do Mr. Smiles justice, he fully acknowledges, in the latter part of his book, the necessity of physical education as a help to the intellect; and herein it appears to us that he is hardly consistent. At one time it is "given a man with a strong will and ceaseless industry, and he can do anything; even



paint;" at another, "to be a successful barrister, you must have a well-developed thorax." The fact is, that the given man must unite in himself every kind of perfection—health, strength, courage, self-denial, perseverance, in addition to ability—to command success; and even then how much can he command? Can any man possessing all these requirements make himself Archbishop of Canterbury? Supposing all the previous difficulties overcome, can he will a favourable prime minister? No more than by taking thought he can add a cubit to his stature.

Mr. Smiles denies the theory of accident. Nothing is an accident to the observing man. Thus: Newton's apple, Young's soap-bubble; the pendulum, derived from the swinging of the lamp, and the telescope from the fortuitous conjunction of two spectacle glasses, by Galileo; the spider's suggestion of a suspension bridge, and the ship-worm's of a Thames Tunnel, are refused the designation of accidents. It may be that there is a proximate cause for every event; but we say that many of the instances Mr. Smiles adduces of scientific discoveries were the purest accidents, as the word is generally understood; and the fact of their happening to observant persons makes them none the less accidental.

Mr. Smiles has little faith in genius; "the qualities to ensure success," says he, "are not at all extraordinary. They may be, for the most part, summed up in these two—common sense and perseverance;" also, "the very greatest men have been among the least believers in the power of genius, and as worldly wise and persevering as successful men of the commoner sort. Some have defined genius to be only common sense intensified. A distinguished teacher, and president of a college, spoke of it as the power of making efforts. John Forster held it to be the power of lighting one's own fire. Buffon said of genius, it is patience." Again; "It happens that the men who have most moved the world have not been so much men of genius, strictly so called, as men of intense mediocre abilities—untiring workers, persevering, self-reliant, and indefatigable."

It is very well to tell an audience of hard-fisted mechanics that perpetual labour and strength of will will enable them to do anything; it is very agreeable to them to think so, and it is a subject of legitimate pride and pleasure to them to hear the names of those of their own order who have made their fame known to the world; but if any one of them, relying upon Sir Joshua Reynolds's dictum, fancies that by any amount of labour he can make himself a first-rate painter, the chances are that bitter disappointment and hope deferred will be his lot.

But we will not be unfair to Mr. Smiles; it is quite right and desirable that the standard of excellence set before us should be somewhat higher than every one can reach—in trying to attain it we shall at least raise ourselves, and the effort will be beneficial; but it is riding one's hobby rather too hard, to hold out that even the unsuccessful effort is not to be accomplished without such a cheerless existence as to make us doubt whether it were not better not to be. Mr. Smiles acknowledges, as we before observed, the necessity of physical education as a means to the better development of the intellect; he regards it very much as a prize-fighter or a pedestrian does his training, as a disagreeable necessity: the words recreation and relaxation find no place in his book; they are not in the index, they are not in the descriptive abridgments of the chapters; if they occur in the work at all, it is only, we believe, in a negative sense, to show how little they were used. But is this the right view of the case? Does not every physiologist know that recreation is so necessary to the vital powers, that men are compelled (to use an apparent paradox) to make it part of the business of their lives? It is not enough for Mr. Smiles to devote part of a chapter to the desirability of exercise: relaxation is an item of such great importance in estimating the elements of success that it deserves to be considered almost as a cause rather than as a mere accessory.

Nevertheless Mr. Smiles's book is wise beyond the wisdom of any, but a very few, books that we have read; the chapters on time and money are admirable; for instance, hear him on time:—

"Men of business are accustomed to quote the maxim that time is money, but it is much more; the proper improvement of it is self-culture, self-improvement, and growth of character. An hour wasted daily on trifles or in indolence, would if devoted to self-improvement make an ignorant man wise in a few years, and employed in good works would make his life fruitful and death a harvest of worthy deeds. Fifteen minutes a day devoted to self-improvement will be felt at the end of the year. . . . An economical use of time is the true mode of securing leisure; it enables us to get through business and carry it forward instead of being driven by it. On the other hand the miscalculation of time involves us in perpetual hurry, confusion, and difficulties; and life becomes a mere shuffle of expedients, usually followed by disaster. Nelson once said 'I owe all my success in life to having been always a quarter of an hour before my time.'"

The chapter on the use and abuse of money we must commend to the reader's own perusal; it is pregnant with practical wisdom, and contains besides some excellent remarks upon the improvidence of the working classes, and upon the evils entailed by the pursuit of "respectability" among their so-called superiors.

On the whole "Self-Help" is one of the soundest, wisest, most instructive, and most wholesome works we have opened for a long time; its honesty and earnestness of purpose carry away the reader, and stamp the author's doctrines on his mind; if we have complained of some of its teachings, it has only been with the view of pointing out in what respects Mr. Smiles has carried his philosophy, in our opinion, too far. It becomes a question whether it is desirable to magnify the difficulties of success in life. It is the weak that want encouragement, and we feel convinced that Mr. Smiles has no desire to be guilty of a practice he has twice denounced, viz., "running to the help of the strong." Yet such we think is the tendency of this book.

#### BASTIAT TRANSLATED.\*

MR. PATRICK JAMES STIRLING has prefixed to this translation of the "Harmonies Economiques" which we announced last week (and which we have since received) a neat and more extended biography of the great French economist than we have before met with. For this part of his work, and his just appreciation of the author, we tender him our grateful thanks. We must also extend our cordial approbation to his design of diffusing the great Frenchman's thoughts and conclusions amongst our countrymen, too little disposed to find merit in the writings of foreign economists. In this the publisher shares, and he has fulfilled his part of the business by sending forth a plain neat volume, good paper and clear type, suitable to the subject. Within this limited circle our approbation is confined. The actual translation is very bad. Mr. Stirling says, "I have not aimed at giving a literal translation. . . . but the more important object I trust has been attained—of conveying fully, plainly, and intelligibly the author's meaning." If this had been done, we should have approved. We should have made no objection had all the matter which concerns the controversies of the day—for all Bastiat's works originated in controversy—been rejected, and the translation confined to the principles enunciated by him, and the consequences and illustrations of them. The translator, however, has given us all that the author published on the subject before his death, and given it in our language rudely and very imperfectly.

The very title of the translation is a mistake. "Harmonies of Political Economy" is neither a literal translation of the author's title, nor does it convey a correct idea of the original work. M. Bastiat repeatedly explains that his object is to trace the harmonies which prevail in the natural as contradistinguished from the political order of society. Mr. Stirling's title would make the world believe that the work is limited to an explanation of the harmonies in the science of political economy as known and cultivated in England. Social economy and natural order are here in disrepute; and he wished, perhaps, to smuggle under the notice of our practical people a work not in conformity to the principles of their teachers. They are diligently impressed by many public orators with the superiority of political regulations to those natural laws and their consequences which Bastiat expounds; and Mr. Stirling might cunningly hope to pass along by hoisting the practical flag.

We are confirmed in this suspicion by finding Bastiat's words,—*"Les gouvernements toujours, disposés à se persuader que rien du bien ne se fait sans eux, se refusent à comprendre cette loi harmonique,"* translated by the words, "Governments which persuade themselves that nothing good can be done but through their instrumentality, refuse to acknowledge this harmonic law." Bastiat represents all governments as at all times disposed to persuade themselves to disregard natural laws; Mr. Stirling limits the representation to those governments which are so disposed, and thus destroys the sweeping generality of the doctrine. This passage concerns the law of exchange, according to Bastiat the key-stone of the social edifice, or society itself. The translator may not have wished to misrepresent the author, but undoubtedly he has. He may prefer to be convicted of ignorance or inattention rather than of wilful misrepresentation, but from both he cannot escape.

We have, indeed, other examples of the former. Bastiat says, referring to the increase of trade, the consequence of opening new roads or otherwise improving the means of communication between distant places—"Si les négociants baissent le prix de leur concours," which in the translation is rendered—"if the merchants' profits are diminished." Now, reducing the cost of their exertions, or the price of their services, which is what M. Bastiat means, and the reduction of their profits, are totally at variance. If the profits were diminished the trade would be lessened; but the price or cost of their services being lessened trade is increased, and the sum of profit is augmented. The form in which the words of Bastiat are rendered by the translator are equally at variance with them and the sense of the whole passage.

Again, Bastiat says, "Dans l'isolement les prospérités se nuisent," meaning that the faculties which when men live in society are more than sufficient to supply their wants, are wasted or annihilated when they live isolated. The translator, however, renders the passage thus—"In a state of isolation the gain of one may be the loss of another," which is equally contrary also to the words used by the author and to common sense. How can an isolated being gain from another, or cause loss to another? We cannot waste our own time and our readers' time by going more minutely and fully into this translation. It has grievously disappointed us, and we have said enough, we hope, to satisfy our readers that the translator has either wilfully misrepresented the author, or is incompetent to translate his work. We have already described, in our notice last week, the original work.

#### MISCELLANIES.†

EDUCATIONAL books abound in this docile age, and take all shapes. Like puffs, they are direct and indirect; for people, great or little, have to be cheated into learning. There can be no

\* *Harmonies of Political Economy.* By Frederick Bastiat. Translated from the French, with a Notice of the Life and Writings of the Author. By Patrick James Stirling, F.R.S.L., etc. London, John Murray.

† *Watson's Rhetorical Reader and Speaker.* By Angus Macpherson. Glasgow: George Watson.

*Watson's Third Book of Reading.* By Angus Macpherson. Glasgow: George Watson.

mistake as to such works as *Watson's Rhetorical Reader and Speaker*, which contains a selection of the choicest passages from the works of the best English writers, with an introductory essay on the power and beauty of the English tongue, and full instructions for the rhetorical management of the voice. The pieces have, indeed, been selected with especial reference to the vocal powers, and therefore with express regard "to the æsthetic quality of rhythm." The collection is preceded with a well-written essay "On the Power and Beauty of the English Tongue," the illustrations being principally taken from Byron, Poe, and Tennyson. Similar remarks apply to the same publisher's *Third Book of Reading*, which contains some simple pieces in prose and verse, progressively arranged for the use of schools. The principle on which the work is planned is manifestly good, and will, as it is stated, undoubtedly "aid the quickness and accuracy of the child both in pronunciation and spelling."—But men need instruction in other things than rhetoric or reading; and not only in relation to business, but recreation. Here we have a book containing the best games in chess played by the distinguished champion Paul Morphy in Europe and America, edited by Mr. Löwenthal, the president of the St. James's Chess Club. The lovers of this noble game will here find some of the best examples of play extant. To the "theory of openings" great attention is profitably paid. The match games are elaborately analyzed, and thoroughly commented on.—A couple of books by Mr. Walcott are full of information on our *Cathedrals*, and *Minster and Abbey ruins*. The author tells us their history, with their architecture, monuments, and traditions; and also notices of the larger parish churches and collegiate chapels. Short notes, also, are given of the chief objects of interest in each cathedral city. Much of church architecture may be learned from these books; one of which contains a valuable essay on the subject.—A shilling's worth of *Riddles and Jokes* next invites our attention, and claims to be "a complete (?) Collection of Riddles, Enigmas, Charades, Rebuses, Words transposed, Acting Charades, Acting Proverbs, Puzzles, and Jokes." We may at least concede that there is a goodly amount of these for the money, and that much amusement may be secured by attention to its directions.—Among the "Books for Boys," we find one of merit by Mr. William H. G. Kingston, the object of which is to give incidents of *Whaling in the South Seas*, with some descriptions of the icy regions that may prove instructive as well as entertaining to the pupil. Some account, also, of the Island of Java is introduced.—The same writer has another story, of a more ambitious order, in which he conducts his hero *Round the World*. This is done in a somewhat bulky volume, in which, after devoting a chapter to the wonders of the ocean, we are taken to the Falklands, and round Cape Horn. Then follow adventures in Chili, and visits to Robinson Crusoe's island and the empire of the Incas. Mexico, California, and Hawaii, are next laid under contribution; to which, after some mischances from pirates, we have to add the South Seas and Japan. In this manner a mass of information is brought to bear on the juvenile mind, while curiosity is excited by the progress of the story, so as to secure an interest in the knowledge imparted.—One of the best writers of this class of fiction is Mr. Ballantyne, who has had great experience in it. His romance for this year is entitled *Martin Rattler*, and he takes his hero into the forests of Brazil, having invented a tale which possesses considerable pathos and more than ordinary interest.—The next on our list is Miss Frances Browne, whose *Traveller's Stories* are told with a *verve* and simplicity which belong especially to female composition. There is, indeed, great spirit in the mode of telling, and singular invention in the contrivance of the various incidents. This is really and truly a juvenile book of rare merit.—More didactic in its vein, we may commend Miss Henderson's *Daily Bible Teachings*; to each day one page of comment on a text is given, written with neatness and point.—We may fitly conclude these miscellaneous notices with Dr. Lee's translation of M. Aimé Martin's prize essay on *The Education of Mothers of Families*. Here the great question of the time is answered—"the Civilization of the Human Race by Women." Dr. Lee has appended to the work his own remarks "on the prevailing Methods of Education, and their influence upon Health and Happiness." The work, it is well known, takes an extensive range of argument, and the latter is enforced with that fine epigrammatic point which makes French books such lively reading. We may cite the very last sentence of the essay as an example. "Young girls, young wives, young mothers, you hold the sceptre; in your souls, much more than in the laws of legislators, now repose the futurity of Europe, and the destinies of the human race." That single sentence, fortunately, contains the whole gist and application of the volume.

*Morphy's Games of Chess, with Analytical and Critical Notes.* By J. Löwenthal. Henry G. Bohn.

*The Minster and Abbey Ruins of the United Kingdom.*

*The Cathedrals of the United Kingdom.* By MacKenzie Walcott, M.A. Edward Stanford.

*Riddles and Jokes.* By Edmund Russell. Routledge.

*Old Jack: a Man-of-war's Man and South Sea Whaler.* By William H. G. Kingston. T. Nelson and Sons.

*Round the World; a Tale for Boys.* By W. H. G. Kingston. T. Nelson and Sons.

*Martin Rattler; or, a Boy's Adventures in the Forests of Brazil.* By Robert Michael Ballantyne. With Illustrations. T. Nelson and Sons.

*Our Uncle: The Traveller's Stories.* By Miss Frances Browne. W. Kent and Co.

*Daily Bible Teachings.* Designed for the Young. By Thulia S. Henderson. Knight and Son.

*The Education of Mothers of Families.* By M. Aimé Martin. With Remarks by Edwin Lee, M.D. Cheaper Edition. W. J. Adams.

## GLEANINGS FROM FOREIGN BOOKS.

ALEXANDER HERZEN.

Among the political writers of the present day, Alexander Herzen occupies an exceedingly interesting and important position. This position became his without his seeking it. Destiny seemed to confer it on him after he had escaped from persecution in his own country, and had undertaken the mission of instructing Russia from abroad, through free, bold, fertile utterance, and of enlightening Europe regarding Russia's deeper spiritual life, out of which the future development of Russia must come. Neither political nor literary ambition attracted Herzen to this career. He aspires herein at nothing more than the right of the free man to breathe forth the truth, and it forms the most delightful aspect of his writings that he strives after the assertion of this right, with the full force of spontaneous feeling; freshness of emotion distinguishing him quite as much as keenness of philosophical thinking. He stands on the boundary between Russian and German literature, and the energy which he has derived from both has conducted and enabled him to gain influence over the literature of England and France. In him is concentrated, in a remarkable manner, the cosmopolitan character of an age. Goethe would have regarded him as a striking confirmation of the theory of a coming universal literature. From London this one man exerts an influence on Russia such as publicistic literature has offered no example of; and what he works and creates for Russia, becomes at the same time the property of the rest of Europe. He has succeeded in becoming, in England, the creator of a free press for Russia, whose progress it potently furthers, and all Europe looks with interest and sympathy on the ever increasing vigour of this activity.—*Life of Herzen.*

## NOTES ON SCIENCE.

ASTRONOMERS have for some time been anxious to discover the planet or planets which were suspected to produce certain aberrations in the movements of Mercury, and the recent observation of one small body by M. LESCARBAULT has induced M. LE VERRIER and others to look for a plurality of revolving bodies instead of a single orb. Concerning the newly recognised member of the solar system, M. LE VERRIER says that if its orbit were circular, half its major axis would be equal to 0.1427, taking half the major axis of the earth's orbit as unity. He concludes that its period of revolution is 19 days 7 hours. Being only one-seventeenth of the bulk of Mercury, and very near the Sun, it has been easy for it to have escaped observation, and it is no small credit to an amateur astronomer with rude imperfect apparatus that he should have been the first to detect its existence, although scores of practised star-gazers were directing the best instruments in the direction where it was supposed to exist.

In addition to the search for more planets, those learned in celestial ways will shortly be on the look out for another great comet, which is expected to flourish as grand a tail as the memorable one of '58. This comet was looked for on the 2nd August, 1858, but as it did not then appear, and there was an uncertainty of ten years in the astronomical data, it is now expected in the August of the present year. If PLO NONO keeps an astrologer he will watch its advent with alarm, for on its appearance in 1264, POPE URBAN VI. fell sick, and died on the night that it passed away from human sight. This comet was described by eye witnesses as the most magnificent that had ever been seen, and is supposed to be identical with that of 1556, whose brilliancy was less remarkable. The coming eclipse of July 18th, 1860, occupies much attention, but it will not be visible in this country. A "Revised Path of the Moon's Shadow" has been issued from the *Nautical Almanack* office, and PROFESSOR AIREY has published instructions for observations on Mars. It is expected that Photography will render valuable aid in recording some of the phenomena of the eclipse. It will be employed to copy the forms of the coloured flames if they should appear, and to obtain images of the solar ring. M. FAYE intends to take a photographic apparatus to Spain which will register the precise time between the beginning and the termination of the total obscuration. It will contain a band of sensitive paper, which will be exposed to the light as concentrated by a lens, and will be wound off at a given rate per second.

Talking of the sun we may mention some curious discoveries recently made by M. de CHACORNAC and Professor SECCHI, the one occupying himself with the light, and the other with the heat, and arriving at analogous results, from which it appears that the light and heat giving powers of the great luminary are unequally distributed over his surface. The central space possesses these powers in the highest degree, and a zone nearer the circumference only emits one half the intensity of the former. Another solar phenomenon of interest was the sudden outburst of a batch of brilliant light on the 1st of September, 1859, which was noticed by Mr. CARINGTON, and by Mr. HODGSON of Highgate. The former estimated the velocity of its motion at the rate of 35,000 miles during the five minutes it was seen. Also, on the 22nd October, Mr. DAWES noticed a bright streak, whose edges projected beyond the disk.

In chemistry some interesting observations have been made on the action of sunlight in modifying or exalting the properties of various substances; and solarized oils—that is, oils exposed to the sun's rays—of different kinds are getting into favour with the doctors on account of alleged medicinal action not noticeable in their original state. Another new medicine is composed of or extracted from castor oil leaves, which are asserted to have a remarkable property of stimulating the secretion of milk. Some plant known to a tribe in South America has long been used



for this purpose, and the ingenious savages are said to be able to produce virgin wet nurses at will. Two French chemists, MM. DAVANNE and GIRARD, have discovered that perfectly dry sulphuretted hydrogen does not act upon silver. They found that, under such conditions, silver leaves may be suspended in the gas without suffering any change.

A question of much interest to us as a naval people has been started by the assertion that iron nails or bolts promote the decay of wooden ships. The theory, which is supported by some experiments, is that the iron becomes peroxidized by exposure to air and moisture; then parts with a portion of its oxygen to the wood, which is slowly destroyed; takes another dose of oxygen from the air, and parts with it in turn.

In the way of apparatus, a most valuable instrument has been produced and patented by Messrs. GRIFFIN. It is a gas furnace, built up of suitable pieces of fire-clay, and constructed so that a blast of air is conveyed into the centre of each jet of gas at the moment of combustion. The effect produced is quite wonderful,—a small furnace fusing a pound and a half of cast iron in twenty minutes. Mr. GRIFFIN has an ingenious contrivance for preventing loss of heat through the flue, which is descending, and filled with small pebbles through whose interstices sufficient ventilation takes place, while the pebbles themselves absorb a large portion of the calorific.

Among miscellaneous news we may mention that a rich vein of platina has been found in Frederickstown, United States, by Dr. KOCH; and that M. PAYEN has disgusted the epicures of Paris, by telling them that their favourite delicacy, the edible birds-nests, consists chiefly of a peculiar spittle secreted by the Salangane swallow.

## LETTER FROM ITALY.

(SPECIAL.)

ROME, 14th January, 1860.

MY first recollections of Rome date from too long ago, and from too early an age, for me to be able to recall the impression caused by its first aspect. It is hard indeed for any one, at any time, to judge of Rome fairly. Whatever may be the object of our pilgrimage—whether art, or religion, or history—we Roman travellers are all, under some guise or other, pilgrims to the Eternal City, and look with a pilgrim's reverence upon the shrine of our worship. The ground we tread on is enchanted ground, we breathe a charmed air, and are spell-bound with a strange witchery. A kind of glamour steals over us; a thousand memories rise up and chase each other. Heroes and martyrs, sages and saints, consuls and popes and emperors, people the weird pageant, which to our mind's eye hovers ever mistily amidst the scenes around us. Here, above all places in God's earth, it is hard to forget the past and think only of the present. This, however, is what I now want to do. Laying aside all thought of what Rome has been, I would fain describe what Rome is now. Thus, in my solitary wanderings about the city I have often sought to picture to myself the feelings of a stranger who, caring nothing and knowing nothing of the past, should enter Rome with only that listless curiosity which all travellers feel perforce, when for the first time they approach a great capital. Let me fancy that such a traveller, in the person of my reader—a very Gallio among travellers—is standing by my side. Let me try and tell him what, under my Mentorship, he would mark and see.

It shall not be on a bright cloudless day that we enter Rome. To our northern eyes the rich Italian sunlight gives to everything, even to ruins and rags and squalor, a deceptive glory and a beauty which is not due. No, the day shall be such a day as that on which I write—such a day, in fact, as the days are oftener than not at this dead season of the year—sunless and damp and dull. The sky above and the hills around are shrouded with grey unbroken clouds. It matters little by what gate or from what quarter we enter. On every side the scene is much the same. The Campagna surrounds the city. A wide, waste, broken, hillock-covered plain, half common, half pasture-land, and altogether desolate. A few stunted trees—a deserted house or two—here and there a crumbling mass of shapeless brickwork: such is the foreground through which you travel for many a weary mile. As you approach the city there is no change in the desolation, no sign of life. Every now and then a string of some half-dozen peasant carts, loaded with wine barrels or wood faggots, comes jingling by. The carts, so called rather by courtesy than right, consist of three rough planks and two high rickety wheels. The broken-kneed horses sway to and fro beneath their unwieldy loads, and the drivers, clad in rough sheepskin cloaks, crouch sleepily upon the shafts. A solitary cart is rare, for the neighbourhood of Rome is not the safest of places, and those small piles of stones with the wooden cross surmounting them witness to the fact that a murder took place, not long ago, on the very spot you are passing now. Then, perhaps, you pass a drove of wild shaggy buffaloes, or a travelling carriage rattling and jolting along, or a stray priest or so, trudging homewards from some outlying chapel. That red-bodied, funeral-looking two-horse coach, crawling at a snail's pace, belongs to his Excellency the Cardinal, whom you can see a little further on, pottering feebly along the road in his violet stockings, supported by his clerical secretary, and followed at a respectful distance by his two attendant priests. At last, out of the dreary waste, at the end of the ill paved sloughy road, the long line of tumbledown walls rises gloomily. A few cannon-shot would batter a breach anywhere. However, at Rome there is neither commerce to impede nor building extension of any kind to check;

the city has shrunk up, until its precincts are a world too wide; and the walls, if they are useless, are harmless also—more, by the way, than you can say for most things here. There is no stir or bustle at the gates. Two French soldiers striding across a bench are playing at piquet with a pack of greasy cards. A pack-horse or two nibble the blades of grass between the stones, while their owners haggle with the solitary guard about the "octroi" duties. A sentinel on duty stares listlessly at you as you pass, and you stand within the walls of Rome.

You are coming, shall I say from Ostia, and enter therefore by the Porta San Paolo—the gate where legends tell that Belshazzar sat and begged. I have chosen this one out of the score of entrances as recalling fewest of past memories, and leading to the heart of the living, working city. You stand, then, within Rome, and look round in vain for the signs of a city. Hard by, a knot of dark cypress trees waves above the lonely burial-ground where Shelley lies at rest. A long, straight, pollard-lined road stretches before you, between high walls, into the grey distance. Low hills or mounds rise on either side, covered by stunted straggling vineyards. You pass on. A beggar, squatting by the roadside, calls on you for charity; and long after you have passed you can hear the mumbling, droning cry, "Per l'amore di Dio e della Santa Vergine!" dying in your ears. On the wall, from time to time, you see a rude painting of Christ upon the Cross, and an inscription above a slit beneath bids you contribute alms for the souls in purgatory. A peasant woman, perhaps, is kneeling before the shrine, and a troop of priests pass by on the other side. A string of carts again, drawn by bullocks, another shrine and another group of priests, and you are at the river side. The dull muddy Tiber rolls beneath you; and in front, that shapeless mass of dingy, weather-stained, discoloured, plaster-covered, tile-roofed buildings, crowded and jammed together on either side the river, is Rome itself. You are at the city's port—the "Ripetta," or quay of Rome. In the stream there are a dozen vessels, something between barges and coasting smacks, the largest possibly of fifty tons burden. There is a Gravesend-looking steamer, too, lying off the quay, but she belongs to the French Government, and is only employed in carrying troops to and from Civita Vecchia. At this point all traffic on the Tiber ceases. Though the river is navigable for a long distance above Rome, there is not a boat to be seen above the bridge now in sight. A few steps more, and the walls on either side are replaced by houses, and the city has begun.

The houses do not improve on closer acquaintance. One and all look as if, commenced on too grand a scale, they had ruined their builders before their completion, had then been left standing empty for years, and were now occupied by tenants too poor to keep them from decay. There are holes in the walls where the scaffolding was fixed; large blotches where the plaster has peeled away. Stones and cornices, which have been left unused, lie in the mud before the doors. From the window sills, and on ropes fastened across the street, flutter half-washed rags and strange apparel. The height of the houses makes the narrow streets gloomy, even at mid-day. At night, save in a few main thoroughfares, there is no light of any kind; but then at Rome nobody cares much about walking, in out-of-the-way places, after dark. The streets are paved with the most slippery and angular of stones, placed herring-bone fashion, with ups and downs in every direction. Foot-pavement there is none; and the rickety carriages drawn by the tottering horses come swaying round the endless corners with an utter disregard for the limbs and lives of the foot-folk. You are out of luck if you come to Rome on a "festa" day, for then all the shops are shut. However, even here the chances are two to one, or somewhat more, in favour of the day of your arrival being a working day. When the shops are open there is at any rate life enough of one kind or other. In most parts the shops have no window fronts. Glass indeed, there is little of any sort, and the very name of plate-glass is unknown. The dark, gloomy shops, varying in look between a coach-house and a wine-vault, have their wide shutter-doors flung open to the street. A feeble lamp, hung at the back of every shop you pass before a painted Madonna shrine, makes the darkness of their interiors visible. The trades of Rome are primitive, and few in number. Those dismembered, disembowelled carcasses, suspended in every variety of posture, denote the butcher's shop: not the pleasantest of sights at any time, least of all in Rome, where the custom of washing the meat after killing it seems never to have been introduced. Next door, too, is a stable, crowded with mules and horses. Those black, mouldy loaves, exposed in a wirework cage to protect them from the clutches of the hungry street vagabonds, stand in front of the baker's, where the price of bread is regulated by the pontifical tariff. Then comes the "Spaccio di Vino," that most gloomy among the shrines of Bucchus, where the sour red wine is drunk at dirty tables by the grimmest of tipplers. Hard by is the "Stannaro," or hardware tinker, who is always rebotomming dilapidated pans, and drives a brisk trade in those clumsy, murderous-looking knives. Further on is the greengrocer, with the long strings of greens, and sausages, and flabby balls of cheese, and straw-covered oil-flasks dangling in festoons before his door. Over the way is the Government depot, where the coarsest of salt and the rankest of tobacco are sold at monopoly prices. Those gay, particoloured stripes of paper, inscribed with the cabalistic figures, flaunting at the street corner, proclaim the "Prenditoria dei Lotti," or office of the Papal Lottery, where gambling receives the sanction of the Church—and prospers under clerical auspices to such an extent, that, in the city of Rome alone, with a population under two hundred thousand, fifty-five millions of lottery tickets are said to be taken annually. Cobblers and carpenters, barbers and old-clothesmen, seem to me to carry on their trades much in the same way all the world over. The peculiarity

about Rome is that all these trades seem stunted in their development. The cobbler never emerges as the shoemaker, and the carpenter fails to rise into the upholstering line of business. Book-selling, too, is a trade which does not thrive on Roman soil. Altogether there is a wonderful sameness about the streets. Time after time, turn after turn, the same scene is reproduced. So having got used to the first strangeness of the sight, you pass on more quickly.

There is no lack of life about you now. At the shop doors whole families sit working at their trade, or carrying on the most private occupations of domestic life. At every corner groups of men stand loitering about, with hungry looks and ragged garments, reminding you too forcibly of the Seven Dials on a summer Sunday. French soldiers and beggars, women and children and priests, swarm around you. Indeed there are priests everywhere. There, with their long black coats and broad-brimmed shovel hats, come a score of young priests, walking two and two together, with downcast eyes. How, without looking up, they manage to wend their way among the crowd, is a constant miracle; the carriages, however, stop to let them pass. A Roman driver would sooner run over a dozen children than knock down a priest. A sturdy, bare-headed, bare-footed monk, not over clean nor over savoury, hustles along with his brown robe fastened round his waist by the knotted scourge of cord. A ghastly-looking figure, covered in a grey shroud from head to foot, and with slits for his mouth and eyes, shakes a money box in your face with sewing importunity. A fat, sleek abbé comes sauntering jauntily along, peeping into the open shops, or (scandal whispers) at the faces of the shop girls. If you look right or left, behind or in front, you see priests on every side. Franciscan friars and Dominicans, Carmelites and Capuchins, priests in broadcloth and priests in serge, priests in red and white and grey, priests in purple and priests in rags—standing on the church-steps, stopping at the doorways, coming down the alleys, looking out of the windows, you see priests everywhere and always. Their faces are, as a rule, not pleasant to look upon; and I think at first, with something of the "old bogey" belief of childhood, you feel more comfortable when they are not too close to you. But, ere long, this feeling wears away, and you gaze at them and at the beggars with the same stolid indifference. You are getting by this time into the heart of the city. Ever and anon the streets pass through some square or piazza, each like the other. In the centre stands a broken fountain, moss-grown and weedy, whence the water spouts languidly. On the one side is a church, on the other some grim old palace, which, from its general aspect and the iron bars before its windows, bears a striking resemblance to Newgate gone to ruin. Grass grows between the stones, and the piazza is emptier and cleaner than the street—but that is all. You stop and enter the first church or two, but your curiosity is soon satisfied. Dull and bare outside, the churches are gaudy and dull within. When you have seen one, you have seen all. A crippled beggar crouching at the door, a few common people kneeling before the candle-lighted shrines, a priest or two mumbling at a side altar, half a dozen indifferent pictures and a great deal of gilt and marble everywhere, an odour of stale incense and mouldy cloth, and, over all, a dim dust-discoloured light. Fancy all this, and you will have before you a Roman church. On your way you pass no fine buildings—for to tell the honest truth, there are no fine buildings in Rome, except St. Peter's and the Colosseum, which lie away from the town. Fragments, indeed, of old ruins, porticoes built into the wall, bricked-up archways, and old cornice stones, catch your eye from time to time. So on and on, over broken pavements,—up and down endless hills,—through narrow streets and gloomy piazzas,—by churches innumerable,—amidst an ever sifting motley crowd of peasants, soldiers, priests, and beggars, you journey onwards for some two miles or so. You are come at last to the modern quarter, where the hotels are found, and the English mostly congregate. Here, in two streets, the "Corso" and the "Condotti," there are foot-pavements, lamps at night, and windows to the shops. A fair sprinkling of second-rate equipages rolls by you, bearing the Roman ladies, with their gaudy dresses, ill-assorted colours, and their heavy, handsome, sensual features. The young Italian nobles, with their English-cut dress, saunter past you listlessly. The peasants are few in number now, but the soldiers, and priests, and beggars, are never wanting. These streets and shops, however, which seem brilliant by contrast, would, after all, be only third rate ones in any other European capital, and will not detain you long. As you pass the "Piazza di Spagna" you look curiously at the artists' models, who loiter about there, and seem to recognise every face as an old "Academy" acquaintance. A few steps more, and then you fall again into the narrow streets and the decayed piazzas: you are come to another gate. The French sentinels are changing guard. The dreary Campagna lies before you—and you have passed through Rome.

And, when our stroll was over, that sceptic and incurious fellow-traveller of mine would surely turn to take a last look at the dark heap of roofs, and chimney-pots, and domes, which lies mouldering in the valley at his feet. If I were then to tell you, that in that city of some hundred and seventy thousand souls, there were ten thousand persons in holy orders, and between three hundred and four hundred churches, of which nearly half had convents and schools attached: if I were to add, that, taking in novices, deacons, scholars, choristers, servitors, and beadles, there were probably not far short of forty thousand persons who, in some form or other, lived upon and by the Church—that is, in plainer words, doing no labour themselves, lived on the labour of others—you, I think, would answer then, that a city so priest-infested, priest-ruled, and priest-ridden, would be much such a city as you had seen—such a city as Rome is now.

## LETTER FROM GERMANY.

HANOVER, January 16th, 1860.

THE opening of the Prussian Parliament and the Prince Regent's speech occupy the foremost place, this week, in German, as well as in Prussian news. As these addresses are generally limited to internal affairs a careful perusal of them will afford the foreigner the clearest insight into the national life of Prussia. Only one or two paragraphs, it will be seen, are devoted to the Peace of Villafranca and the apparently abortive Congress. I give your readers a literal translation of the speech, which, compared with that of last year on a similar occasion, will enable them to form a pretty correct idea of the Prince and his ministers, and the prospects of civil liberty during the rule of the three liberal Prussian estates, each professing the fullest confidence in the other.

The Prince Regent said:—"When, last year, I relieved you from your duties, we implored God to restore our beloved king and master to health. To the great sorrow of myself and the nation, it has not pleased the Almighty to alleviate the severe sufferings of his Majesty. Events of pregnant meaning have been accomplished in Europe. The war in Italy at one time approached with rapid strides the borders of Germany. The gravity of this state of things had to be confronted by a conduct equally grave;—I ordered the mobilisation of six divisions of the Army. The order was being carried into effect, in conjunction with other Federal allies not concerned in the war, when the war was suddenly brought to a close. The preliminaries of Villafranca have been followed by the conclusion of a treaty of peace. Upon the invitation made in common by Austria and France my Government has declared its readiness to take a part in a Congress, whose task it would be to consider the best means of settling the affairs of Italy.

"The desire of a reform of the Federal Constitution has been manifested of late in a variety of ways; Prussia will ever regard herself as the natural representative of the endeavour to increase and concentrate the powers of the nation by suitable institutions, as also by measures of really practical tendency, to further effectually the totality of Germanic interests. My Government will be guided by the wish to confine the activity of the Germanic Federal Assembly, in its relations with the Constitutions of the several States, to the strictest limits of its competence. My Government has therefore, in the affair of the Electorate of Hesse, considered it a duty to advise a return to the Constitution of 1831,—removing at the same time, as most consonant with that principle, the points which are in opposition to the acts of the Diet.

"In conjunction with my German Federal allies, it is my constant endeavour to obtain for the German countries united under the Danish sceptre a guaranteed constitution, in accordance with existing agreements and the acknowledged rights of the country. It will be no less my aim in the Germanic Diet to settle the pending affairs of the Duchies in a satisfactory manner.

"The events of the past year naturally produced great disturbance in commercial affairs. My Government has been employed in counteracting these effects as much as possible. Public works have been prosecuted without restriction, and the railway works undertaken by private individuals have been protected against stoppage; trade and manufactures are beginning to recover from the consequences of that disturbance. The Mission now destined for Eastern Asia, will, I trust, conduce to the furtherance of manufactures and navigation, by the commencement of a trade based upon treaties with those newly opened countries. A squadron of our navy which, by the extra means placed at our disposal by you, will receive a considerable increase, accompanies this mission. An additional convention to the treaty of commerce and navigation of 23rd of June, 1845, was concluded with Sardinia on the 28th October last; this will be submitted to you for your acquiescence according to the Constitution.

"We have reason to look back with satisfaction to the financial condition of the country, in spite of the evil effects of the military events of last year. The year's budget (*vorjährligen Staatshaushaltsetats*) we may anticipate will suffice without recurrence to extra means. This year likewise the revenue and expenses have been so arranged that besides the demands of the public service, internal improvements and pressing requirements will be proceeded with.

"The State loan in accordance with the grant of the Chambers for military purposes was obtained without difficulty. The satisfactory result of this operation affords evidence of the patriotism of the people, as well as of the confidence which our financial situation enjoys. As to the employment of the loan granted, an account will be immediately given. A considerable residue is still in the treasury. A proposal respecting its employment will be made to you. For the present the sum of twelve million thalers has been delivered into the treasury.

"The general interests of the State demand an early solution of the land-tax question. The bills not disposed of last session will again be laid before you. I recommend them to your conscientious attention.

"My Government has had under its serious consideration the town and rural municipal relations, and the development of the district and provincial regulations promised by the Legislature of 1853. Most probably the draft of a law with reference to the districts will be submitted to you. The draft of a law for determining the electoral districts is intended to remedy manifold evils.

"The Divorce Bill will again be laid before you. I truly wish that this important and pressing reform may be decided upon.

"Several drafts of Bills intended to relieve the long-felt wants of several districts will be laid before you.



"The intellectual improvement of the nation occupies my constant care. The acquirement of additional instructors, and the completion of the scientific institutes of the universities, will be zealously attended to in proportion with the means at disposal. A new routine of instruction has been given to the REAL Schools suitable to their scientific character as well as to the duties of common life. With regard to the elementary schools, the salaries of the teachers have been raised. To meet the deficiencies in teachers, the foundation of new seminaries is in progress.

"Gentlemen,—A question of wide-reaching importance demands your especial attention, and that of my Government. When, last year, I was forced to order the display of our military force, the call to arms was obeyed with an alacrity and patriotism that claims my warmest acknowledgments. If the organisation of our army requires a reform, it is not occasioned by any want of warlike spirit and love of country. Our military organisation was created in a time of trouble, and in accordance with the population and the financial capabilities of the State. It has been retained with the confidence induced by glorious success. The experience, however, of the last ten years, in which the defensive powers (*Wehrkraft*) of the people had to be put into requisition, has proved that many profound evils exist; the removal of them is my duty and my right, and I claim your aid, according to the Constitution, for measures to enhance the defensive powers, corresponding to the increase of the population and the development of our national industry. To this end a measure touching general military duty, and the financial calculations connected therewith, will be submitted to you. It is not my intention to break with the heritage of an heroic period. The Prussian army will be, as heretofore, the Prussian people with arms in their hands. It is our task, by modernising the inherited organization of our army to instil fresh life and vigour into it in proportion to the financial powers of the nation. Let a well-digested measure, embracing both the popular and military common weal, have your unprejudiced examination and acquiescence. It will serve as a proof to all the world of the confidence of the nation in the uprightness of my views. Gentlemen, never has a measure of such vast importance for the protection, influence, and greatness of the country, been submitted to its representatives. Upon it depends the security of the country against the vicissitudes of the future."

In the House of Representatives Mr. SIMSON has been elected President, Mr. GRABOW first, and Mr. MATHIS second Vice-Presidents for the next four weeks. The emphasis which the Prince Regent in his speech laid upon the concluding words leads to the belief that the relations of Prussia with other Powers will be made the subject of discussion in Parliament. As might be expected, the people, not only of Prussia, but of all Germany, look with a feeling of uneasiness towards the future. It is the general belief that a war between France and the Northern Powers is inevitable, and that the longer delayed, the longer and more fatal will be the present costly armed peace. Prussians are very impatient of the neutral policy of their Government, which, during the Russian and Italian wars, was so detrimental to the country in material wealth and reputation. As a proof of the nervous state of the public mind, there was a report current last week, and readily believed, that the French Emperor had seriously demanded the restoration of the "natural frontiers" of France, which means the annexation of the Rhine provinces.

In the Federal Diet of the 12th inst. the question of the coast defences was brought forward, and resulted in a motion requesting Prussia to enter into communication with the other Powers upon the technicalities of the question, and to report to the Diet. Prussia has declined the commission, and, further, disputes the right of the Diet to interfere in the matter.

The Upper Chamber of Hanover has formed a Committee upon a motion to grant 550,000 thalers for coast defences. A leading personage, Count KNYPHAUSEN, at once declared his resolution to oppose; first, because the question was strictly a Federal one; secondly, because without the concurrence and military union of all the States all partial attempts to defend the coast would be simply ridiculous. This question is more serious than it appears.

## RECORD OF THE WEEK.

### HOME AND COLONIAL.

ON Monday, Jan. 16, Mr. Edwin James, M.P., at Marylebone, and Mr. Roupell, M.P., at Kennington, addressed their constituents: Lord John Russell's proposed Reform Bill will be supported by Mr. James; Mr. Roupell will demand a large increase of the suffrage, and vote by ballot.—On Monday, also, Mr. G. Blencowe was elected for Lewes, without opposition, in the room of the late Mr. Fitzroy: he will vote for a really liberal Reform Bill, and is for the abolition of Church rates.—On Tuesday, Jan. 17, a deputation comprising the members for Middlesex and Mr. Torrens McCullagh, waited upon the Home Secretary, to urge the claims of Chelsea to be erected into a distinct borough.—At Pontefract, on Monday, Jan. 16, Mr. Monckton Milnes, M.P., addressed the Mechanics' Institute, impressing the necessity of studying history and political economy.—On Wednesday, Jan. 18, a deputation from the Tower Hamlets, headed by Messrs. Butler, M.P., and Ayrton, M.P., waited on the Home Secretary, to urge the claims of the borough to be divided into two parts, each returning two members.

On Sunday, Jan. 15, died in London, at the age of fifty-five, the wealthy Lord Lonsborough. He sat in the House of Commons, for Canterbury, as Lord Alfred Denison, from 1835 to 1850, when

he was created a peer: he was a whig in politics. His eldest son, who has succeeded him, was member for Scarborough.

Westminster Abbey, St. Paul's, Exeter and St. James's Hall, had large congregations on Sunday, Jan. 15. The Victoria Theatre on that day was twice crowded: a churchman, the Rev. Mr. Goodhart, preached on the stage in his robes. At the Britannia Theatre the celebrated dissenter, Mr. Binney, performed the duty. The disturbances in St. George's in the East continue daily. On Tuesday, Jan. 17, one offender was fined forty shillings for insulting the Tractarian clergy; the magistrate declared the next should go to prison.—On Wednesday, Jan. 18, a meeting of the National Protestant Society was held in St. Martin's Hall, to adopt an address to Lord Palmerston (in reply to one in course of signature by Roman Catholic peers and members of the House of Commons) praying that the Government would sanction no scheme for supporting either the temporal or spiritual power of the Pope.—On Tuesday, Jan. 17, the annual meeting of the Birmingham Reformatory Institution was held in the Music Hall, Birmingham. The Earl of Shrewsbury and Talbot presided, and spoke of the diminution of crime throughout the kingdom by means of such institutions.

The Volunteer movement has been advocated by Sir John Colebridge at Ottery St. Mary, on Monday, Jan. 16; on the 13th instant, at Kingston, by Lord St. Leonard's; on Saturday, Jan. 14, by Mr. Wickham, M.P., at Bradford, where Mr. Titus Salt offered a prize of £100 for the best marksman. A working man's volunteer corps was formed in St. Pancras on Tuesday, Jan. 17.

The Earl of Carlisle, Lord Lieutenant, returned to Ireland on Monday, Jan. 16. On Saturday, Jan. 14, the body had been discovered of Mr. Hugh Massey O'Grady, long missing; he has evidently been murdered—four men are in custody on suspicion.

The Registrar-general's weekly return shows an increase of deaths—the number being 1344; bronchitis and small pox have been very fatal. Number of births, 1938.

An important trial for libel, *Beatson v. Skene*, was decided in the Court of Exchequer, on Saturday, Jan. 14; on Tuesday, Jan. 17, Mr. E. James moved for a new trial; the application was adjourned. On Monday, Jan. 16, an appeal was heard at the Surrey Sessions from three bricklayers, convicted by a police magistrate of intimidating a workman during the builders' strike; the court confirmed the sentence.

On Saturday, Jan. 14, two mates of the American ship "Anna," accused of the murder of six negroes at sea, were discharged by the Isle of Wight magistrates at the requisition of the agent of the American Government.

Particulars arrived on Sunday, Jan. 15, of the loss of the "Flora Temple" from Macao to Havana on the 14th Oct. The captain and crew escaped in the boats, leaving 850 coolies, (who were passengers) behind; who, doubtless, all perished. There was a mutiny among the coolies a few days previously.—On the 29th Dec., the "Flying Foam," from Cardiff to China was lost on the coast of Madeira; captain and eight others lost.—On Thursday, Jan. 19, one wall of the new Rainbow Tavern, in Fleet Street, fell down, seriously wounding six bricklayers at work there.

The produce markets of Wednesday, Jan. 18, were steady but inactive. In sugar and coffee, no business of importance transacted. The private contract market as regards tea, is firm. Tallow, quiet. At Liverpool, a fair demand for cotton, with rather more tone in the market. The supply of wheat moderate; trade moves slowly: barley as before; oats receded in value; flour very flat at 6d. per barrel and sack reduction on the week. The half-yearly meetings of the Commercial and City Banks were held on Tuesday, Jan. 17: the former declaring a dividend of 7, the latter 6 per cent.—At the adjourned meeting of the Great Ship Company on Tuesday, the motion for a Committee of Investigation was adopted after much discussion.—On Wednesday, Jan. 18, at the London and Westminster Bank's half-yearly meeting, a dividend of 6 per cent. with a bonus of 7 per cent. were declared.—On Thursday, Jan. 19, Consols closed at 95½, 95½ for money, and 95½, 95½ for the account. A further decline of one-eighth per cent. took place on the Paris Bourse; the Three per Cents. closed at 68 80c.

### FOREIGN.

On Sunday, Jan. 15, the *Moniteur* announced the Emperor Napoleon's determination to suppress the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, the most influential clerical association in France: all public functionaries are forbidden to belong to it.—The same day, Louis Napoleon issued his free trade manifesto.—Lord Cowley arrived in Paris on Monday, Jan. 16, and immediately had a long interview with the Emperor.—The same day it was semi-officially announced that the French Government considered itself bound by the Treaties of Villafranca and Zurich: and that the negotiations for a Congress have been recommenced.—The *Patrie* of Jan. 18, announces that the prohibitions will be removed in July, 1861, and will be replaced by protective duties of 30 to 25 per cent. The Emperor has decided to hear the opinions of the manufacturers before taking his final resolution.

The Prussian Chambers were opened by the Prince Regent on the 12th January.

The King of Sardinia, on Monday, the 16th Jan., received the resignation of Della Marmora, Ratazzi, and their party, and called upon Count Cavour to form a ministry.—On Friday, Jan. 13, six hundred Hungarian hussars entered Cremona, who had deserted with arms and baggage, from Austrian territory, with their officers.

At Rome, on the 14th Jan., in consequence of the note in the *Moniteur* of the 10th inst., a meeting of the Cardinals was called, and the Pope afterwards gave a private interview to the Austrian

Ambassador, Count Buol. Much agitation prevailed in the Marches. —On Tuesday, Jan. 17, the official *Giornale di Roma* declared to all Catholics that the Pope refused to cede the Romagna as advised by the Emperor Napoleon.

On Monday, Jan. 16, the Swiss Federal Government ordered a pamphlet of Mazzini to be seized at Lugano, and the expulsion of the foreigners engaged in publishing it.

A battle was fought on Saturday, Jan. 14, between the Spaniards and the Moors, on the Cabo Negro, near Tetuan. Spanish accounts say the Moors were completely defeated; reported loss of the Spaniards, 300 killed and wounded.

On Jan. 2 the Mexican Cortinas took the city of Rio Grande; the Americans from Brownsville retook the city, capturing the guns and taking sixty Mexicans prisoners. Cortinas had retreated.

Prince Bariatski arrived at St. Petersburg on the 8th Jan. from the Caucasus, and was received with the greatest honour by the Emperor.

#### THEATRES AND ENTERTAINMENTS.

THE attractions of the pantomimes are so strong this year, that our record of amusement novelties is necessarily scanty. At the Strand, however, Mr. Sutherland Edwards and Mr. Augustus Mayhew have produced a new farce called "Christmas Boxes." It is, perhaps, more artistically constructed than their last joint-stock composition, the "Goose with the Golden Eggs," but has not its violent fun; still it fairly answers its purpose, affording scope for the excellent acting of Mr. Rogers, whose mock pathos is received with shouts of genuine laughter. —At the St. James's Theatre, a riotous sort of ballet farce, intitled, "My Name is Norval," was produced on Thursday evening, in which Miss Lydia Thompson, Mr. Charles Young, and Miss St. Casse have their full fling of burlesque acting, singing and dancing; and delight the audience by the exaggerated extravagances of an amateur performance. It is a violent exercise of animal spirits, and produces a corresponding effect on the audience, who enjoyed it in the same extreme spirit in which it was performed. —At the St. James's Hall, the Monday popular concert was, we need hardly say, effective. Mendelssohn and Dussek furnished quartettes and concertos, which the usual first class performers executed *à ravir*. Mr. Sims Reeves was great in two songs by Beethoven, and Madame Sherrington in the lovely "Mignons-Lied," by the same composer "Know'st thou the Land." —We may add here, that among the *New Songs* we have received, we must give the place of honour for originality of musical thought and depth of expression to a pair from Glasgow, "Autumn Leaves," and "Far, far away," both composed by T. M. Mudie, to words by C. R. Brown, and published by Muir, Wood & Co., of Glasgow, and R. Mills, of London. "Lonely on the Billow," Metzler & Co., composed by T. Browne, hath a melody; which is saying something now-a-days, and artistic treatment. By G. P. Goldberg, we have from Schott & Co. a re-edition of his well known duet, "The Mariners," otherwise "Vieni la barea e pronta" — and a pretty and easy romance, Goldberg all over, called, "Pianto dell'esule." "The British Volunteers," W. Williams & Co., a new version of a good old stave, without the "Tow, row, row," burden that our forefathers were not too refined to tolerate. In Chappell's, charming collection of Old English ditties, the words of the sixteenth century are reverentially preserved. Mr. C. E. Horsley's new Oratorio, "Gideon," that was performed last night, at St. James's Hall, will call for further notice next week. —Mr. G. A. Macfarren stands sponsor for a "Christmas Carol," and "The Rose thou gav'st me in sweet May" (Cramer, Beale & Co.), the words of both by Mr. James. "The Four-in-Hand gallop" by T. Brown (Metzler and Co.), is decidedly good.

#### STATE DOCUMENTS.

THE Emperor of the French's Free Trade Manifesto, first published in the *Moniteur* of Sunday, the 18th January, 1860:—

"PALACE OF THE TUILERIES, JAN. 5.

"Monsieur le Ministre,—Despite the uncertainty which still prevails on certain points of foreign policy, a pacific solution may confidently be looked forward to. The moment has therefore come to occupy ourselves with the means of giving a great impulse to the various branches of the national wealth.

"I address to you with that object the bases of a programme, some portions of which will have to receive the approval of the Chambers, and upon which you will concert with your colleagues so as to prepare the measures most suited to give a lively impulse to agriculture, to industry, and to commerce.

"For a long time this truth has been proclaimed, that the means of exchange must be multiplied to render commerce flourishing; that without competition industry remains stationary and maintains high prices, which are opposed to the progress of consumption; that without a prosperous industry, which develops capital, agriculture itself remains in infancy. Everything, therefore, is bound up in the successive development of the elements of public prosperity. But the essential question is to ascertain within what limits the State ought to favour these diverse interests, and what order of preference it ought to grant to each.

"Thus, before developing our foreign commerce by the exchange of produce, it is necessary to improve our agriculture, and to liberate our industry from all internal impediments which place it in conditions of inferiority. At the present day, not only are our great enterprises impeded by a host of restrictive regulations, but even the welfare of those who work is far from having attained the development which it has attained in a neighbouring country. There is, therefore, only a general

system of good political economy which can, by creating a national wealth, spread comfort among the working classes.

"In that which relates to agriculture, you must make it share in the benefits of the institutions of credit, clear the forests situated in the plains, and replant the hills, devote annually a considerable sum to great works of drainage, irrigation, and clearance. These works, transforming the uncultivated districts into cultivated lands, will enrich the districts without impoverishing the State, which will cover its advance by the sale of a portion of those lands restored to agriculture.

"To encourage industrial production you must liberate from every tax all raw material indispensable to industry, and allow it, exceptionally, and at a moderate rate, as has already been done for agriculture on drainage, the funds necessary to perfect its material.

"One of the greatest services to be rendered to the country is to facilitate the transport of articles of first necessity to agriculture and industry. With this object, the Minister of Public Works will cause to be executed as promptly as possible the means of communication, canals, roads, and railways, whose main object will be to convey coal and manure to the districts where the wants of production require them, and will endeavour to reduce the tariffs by establishing an equitable competition between the canals and railways.

"The encouragement to commerce by the multiplication of the means of exchange will then follow as a natural consequence of the preceding measures. The successive reduction of the duty on articles of great consumption will then be a necessity, as also the substitution of protecting duties for the prohibitive system which limits our commercial relations.

"By these measures agriculture will find a market for its produce; industry, set free from internal impediments, assisted by the Government, and stimulated by competition, will compete advantageously with foreign produce, and our commerce, instead of languishing, will receive a new impulse.

"Desiring, above all things, that order may be maintained in our finances, observe how, without disturbing the equilibrium, these ameliorations might be obtained:—

"The conclusion of the peace has allowed us not to exhaust the amount of the loan. There remains disposable a considerable sum, which, joined to other resources, amounts to about 160,000,000*fr.* In asking from the Legislative Body permission to apply this sum to great public works, and by dividing it into three annuities, it would give about 50,000,000*fr.* annually to add to the considerable sums already annually carried to the budget.

"This extraordinary resource will facilitate to us not only the prompt completion of the railways, canals, means of navigation, roads, and ports, but it will also allow us to restore in less time our cathedrals, our churches, and worthily to encourage science, letters, and the arts.

"To compensate for the loss which the Treasury will for the moment suffer by the reduction of duties on raw materials and on goods of great consumption, our budget offers the resource of the sinking fund, which it will suffice to suspend until the public revenue, increased by the augmentation of commerce, allows the sinking fund to be again brought into play.

"Thus, to resume:—Suppression of duty on wool and cotton;

"Successive reduction on sugar and coffee;

"An energetic improvement in the means of communication;

"Reduction of canal dues, consequently general reduction on the means of conveyance;

"Loans to agriculture and industry;

"Considerable works of public utility;

"Suppression of prohibitions;

"Treaties of commerce with the foreign Powers:—

"Such are the general bases of the programme to which I beg of you to call the attention of your colleagues, who will have to prepare, without delay, the projects of law destined to realize them. It will obtain, I am fully convinced, the patriotic support of the Senate and of the Legislative Body, jealous of inaugurating with me a new era of peace and of assuring its benefits to France.

"Whereupon I pray God to have you in His holy keeping.

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